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The UNITARIAN

Volume XII. OCTOBER, 1897 Number 10.

GREAT CHAPTERS FROM THE GREATEST BOOK.

The great worth of the Bible to all who seek the righteous life is sufficiently proved in history by the strength, inspiration, and comfort it has afforded.

In the present series of articles on "Great Chapters from the Greatest Book" the best results of criticism are set forth in a popular way, and an effort is made to emphasize those deep religious truths that are good for all time.

THE LAST TESTIMONY

OF THE GREATEST WITNESS TO CHRISTIANITY.

Paul's Letter to the Church at Philippi.

FOR God is my witness how I long after you all in the tender mercies of Christ Jesus. And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge, and all discernment; so that ye may approve the things that are excellent; that ye may be sincere and void of offence unto the day of Christ; being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are through Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God.

If there is therefore any comfort in Christ, if any consolation of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any tender mercies and compassions, fulfil ye my joy, that ye be of the same mind, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind; doing nothing through faction or through vainglory, but in lowliness of mind each counting other better than himself; not looking each of you to his own things, but each of you also to the things of others. Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross. . . .

So then, my beloved, even as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to work, for his good pleasure. Do all things without murmurings and disputings; that ye may be blameless and harmless, children of God without blemish in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, among whom ye are seen as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life; that I may have whereof to glory in the day of Christ, that I did not run in vain neither labor in vain. Yea, and if I am offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy, and rejoice with you all: and in the same manner do ye also joy, and rejoice with me.

I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content, both to be filled or to be hungry, both to abound

or to be in want. I can do all things through him that strengtheneth me. . . .

Not that I have already obtained, or am already made perfect; but I press on, if so be that I may apprehend that for which also I was apprehended by Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself yet to have apprehended; but one thing *I do*, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Let us therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded; and if in anything ye are otherwise minded, even this shall God reveal unto you; only, whereunto we have already attained, by that same *rule* let us walk. . . .

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

THIS is the swan song, the last uplifted note of triumph, encouragement, warning from the mighty voice, the noble heart, of Paul.

We have a feeling of gratified poetic justice in finding that this, his last known word, was written to this particular church at Philippi. For Philippi was the first place in Europe where Paul preached.

It was natural he should have a peculiar regard for the Philippians. And so we get in this letter the most unrestrained, freest expressions of Paul's deepest, latest, most vital thought.

This letter will always have an unusual interest as the very last message from the *greatest* Christian missionary, and from the intimacy of his relationship with this particular church, but still more perhaps from the substance of the teaching of the letter itself.

The last advice of the first great popular preacher of Christianity who saved the new gospel of Jesus and gave it to the world; his last advice to the first child of his missionary activity; the ripest result of his long experience in the new religious philosophy,—he advocated. Surely, no word could be more representative; and nothing but the Gospels themselves could carry more weight. Surely, no man could bear better witness as to what should be the most valuable teaching of Christianity than this man who had struggled through all the difficulties of first understanding it himself at second hand, then of freeing it from the limitations put upon it by its first Jewish advocates, meeting all the arguments fondly clung to by race prejudice and generations of inherited custom, then of converting to its teaching in another tongue alien races, and, finally, successfully implanting it in permanent and visible organizations.

Surely, this man's testimony in this particular case, his last message to his earliest charge after all these years of glorious trial, is something uniquely valuable to every one who longs for a deeper, clearer, firmer grafting in his own life of those principles, doctrines, truths, teachings, which are the basis and substance and life of Christianity. And this view is made more emphatic when we dwell upon the cause which called forth this letter and the conditions governing Paul's reply.

Paul is in prison,—in the prætorium or headquarters of the national guards in Rome. Martyrdom seems likely to be his immediate fate. In his bondage a messenger unexpectedly arrives from far away Philippi in Macedonia at the head of the Ægean Sea, bearing a letter from the church there, and a substantial financial gift to enable Paul to supply himself with some needed comforts. We can imagine the joy to Paul of this unexpected communication from that society he thought so much of. "God is my witness how I long after you!" he cries. In their letter they have evidently laid before him some of the difficulties under which they are still struggling. "What shall we do to be saved?" they cry; and this letter is Paul's answer.

In it he points out the chief things of the new faith,—the things which, in the depths of his affectionate remembrance of them, he most desires they will cherish. The things that he could speak of on such an occasion were surely *the* things that to him were of deepest, most vital value.

If, when Paul said, "Have faith in Jesus Christ," he had any particular doctrinal

meaning, now he could insist upon it. If he had any ceremonial that was essential in his own faith, any particular way of serving and following the Master, now he would proclaim it.

If there is any moment in which he was absolutely certain to reveal without any hesitation his own soul's true conception of what it meant in actual fact to enter into the spirit and service of Christ, it must be now, at the moment of this last opening of his heart in response to the appeal from the converts who were his own spiritual children. If any one needed definite doctrine and the clearest rules, surely, it was these whom Paul had plucked from the violence of their heathen worship and made formal Christians of.

What, then, does he urge upon them?

His letter begins with hearty greeting, "God is witness how I long after you!" and lets them know that he is still alive, a prisoner, not yet a martyr, which he hopes will calm their anxiety on his account for a time; yet he knows not whether he may not soon have to suffer the death penalty.

He congratulates the Philippians on the difficulties they have had to contend with, as warriors show each other their disfiguring scars as the insignia of their greatest glory. Then, as he has but little time, he looks over their messages and questions again, and plunges into a broad general reply. He goes to the foundation of the difficulties, not only of all churches in all times, but of every individual seeker striving after the religious life, in that magnificent passage: "If there be any comfort in Christ, any consolation, any sympathy in the spirit," .... "be of a lowly mind, each counting other better than himself."

This is the first thing. It is the thing Christ himself put first.

For he counted it not a thing to be attempted to exalt himself, "put himself up," on a level with God"; but he lowered himself, taking the likeness of a servant. Paul's first advance, then, is to have done with all that spirit of striving for notoriety, all that pride which exalts. It is just that which makes cliques and divisions among you,—one insisting upon his way, another upon his. Take first of all, if ye would earnestly be Christians, this the spirit of lowliness, modesty, meekness.

Next, have no confidence in externals. The great principle of Christianity is to get down to the freedom of the spirit, away from all the narrowing influences of Judaism. Anything whatever that you introduce in the way of formalism is absolutely useless: it is the life, the life, only the life, that Christianity values in the least, only that which springs from the heart. Why, if any mere outward conformity, any number of these things, could be of any avail, surely *I* need never have become a Christian at all. Of the stock of Israel, tribe of Benjamin, Hebrew of Hebrews, Pharisee, zealous, rigorous, blameless, according to *rule* and *observance* and *measure!* And yet I count all these things as rubbish in exchange for the spirit, the heart, the motives, that was in Christ. Don't judge anything, therefore, by its appearance, but by its motive. Not "how do I appear before my neighbors," what is the condition of your heart?—that is the question to ask.

"Look at me," says Paul. "I have been through about everything. I have lived in the height of fashion, in every luxury; and I have been thrown into dungeons and stripped of every decency of civilization. What of it? I have learned that the conditions are nothing. Rich or poor, in plenty or in poverty, it is the spirit, the affections, the heart. In my love for Christ, I am strong." "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me."

Then, in lowly spirit, turning your efforts not to the external, but to the inner life, Paul's next advice comes with extraordinary directness and a boldness that takes one's breath away, in that wondrous paradox beginning, "Work out your own salvation." "What," we imagine the Philippians must have cried out, when they got as far as this passage, "work out our own salvation!" He offers us no redemption at all. Is this new Christian Church to which we have joined ourselves, this Lord Christ, our Master, not going to save us in the end, because we have joined it? "No, not at all," Paul quietly answers: "you must most certainly work out your own salvation. This is the only path of the spirit. You have Christ for a leader, teacher, example. You are to be followers. He worked: you must. It is the legitimate conclusion of sonship to the Most High, that your indi-

vidual spirits must be individually active, for the Father worketh in you!"

The man who thinks he is all right just because he has given up the outgrown church and entered the new, that he can be sure of his salvation now without effort, is like the man sitting by a mighty river, throwing in bits of wood, and saying, "Just see the fine power of this current to carry any one along!" He needs to leap into a boat, and push far out into that great current. And so it is with the great river of God's rolling spirit. When we push out into it and work with it, then we find it works with us.

"Work out your own salvation." Don't say this is impossible, for God worketh with you: only work. And Paul even goes on to show how you can do it.

"Not what I have attained, but I press on toward the upward calling." This is the way. What ye have already attained, however little, walk by that: live up to what you have apprehended, and keep on going upward step by step.

And, then, Paul finishes with that wonderful, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true," etc.,—wonderful because of the things left out. Not a word of creed or dogma,—not a word. Do you believe in the atonement or incarnation, in the purification by temple worship, in Gnosticism, in justification, election, predestination, future punishment, or the second coming of Christ? Not a word of such things. He gives no hint about any form of church membership, of whether there should be open or close communion, baptism or not.

No: he makes the grandest, simplest, freest, noblest definition of a Christian church member that can be given. He says, finally, Whatever else you do, the one thing is, whatever you know of that is good, and if there is anything that at any time you may discover to be good, do it, and in that very hour God shall be with you. This is Christianity, as declared by its greatest apostle.

First. Be lowly-minded, not arrogant. Don't quarrel. Be easily entreated, of peaceable, gentle mind.

Second. Be spiritual. Never mind forms and creeds: seek the inner life.

Third. Don't expect to know everything or to be perfect at once. Act up to what you do know to-day, and each day you will be a step higher toward God's upward call.

Lastly, All that is pure, sweet, beautiful, good, turn to those things. Think of those things. Do them.

RELIGIOUS INSTINCT,—THE COMPELLING POWER WHICH MAKES FOR THE UNITY OF ALL LIFE.*

If it is true that the "discovery of law is simply the discovery of science," then is it not time that religion and the spiritual life should be brought out of the realm of speculation and uncertainty, and studied as are other realities? A law is a fact in the universe, and cannot be ignored. It occupies its place to the exclusion of everything else, just as completely as does the bowlder or the bar of iron. This is true of spiritual as well as physical law. A law in religion or ethics is no more to be disregarded than is a law in physics.

In the pursuit of truth, on whatever plane, we must avail ourselves of the scientific method, as does the physicist, who works on a basis of known law. That the lover of spiritual wisdom has been the last to recognize this is not strange.

"As the highest of the sciences," says Drummond, "theology, in the order of evolution, should be the last to fall into rank. It is reserved for it to perfect the final harmony." This thought, beautiful and true as it is, very soon gives place to a larger and truer one; *i.e.*, that religion is the first as well as the last of the sciences, the oldest as well as the newest, and that it is, moreover, the sum of all the sciences. For there is no fact or law of any science that is not a divine fact, a divine law; and we may study the whole, or, like our scientific specialists, we may study the part, that through perfect knowledge of that we may come to understand the whole. In either case the reverent study of law is the study of the Divine. He who would know God must gather truths from all departments of science. Nothing less than all the parts make up the whole. Accuracy of knowledge demands totality of evidence, as nearly

*Delivered before the Adult Class of Spring Garden Unitarian Society, Philadelphia, by Mrs. Coggins.

as it may be had. The thought of the "unity of sciences" into the one great science of God, or theology, will help us to understand the "unity of life." Then, too, the universality of law is of itself presumptive evidence of a principle of unity throughout life. Can we, through consideration of the "religious instinct," find further assurances of the same principle? To speak of religion as an instinct is at once to connect it with nature. Is the power which makes for righteousness, and which binds us to God, the same power revealed to us throughout nature, in so-called dead matter, in what Emerson calls the "mud and scum of things," in the lowliest life-beginnings everywhere?

Infinite mind is the inspiration and life of the human being. But what of the lower forms of animate creation? What of the rock, the clod? Are they partakers with us of the Infinite Spirit of the universe? Is religion *universal?* We are growing into new meanings continually,—larger, more inclusive meanings; but, define religion as we may, it still implies obedience to law in all our action and being. The material universe from whirling atom to whirling sphere is more obedient to law than are we. Can we be so unscientific as to claim that this law is anything less than divine law? No, the cosmic order is divine; and the obligation of each particle of matter to obey its peculiar law is supreme. In other words, it feels a compelling power, which, in determining its place in the universe, necessitates certain harmonious action with reference to the particles around it. If we try to find out this compelling power, though we may search long and earnestly, we shall find nothing that it is so like as religion. For it is an impulse from within, and it inexorably enforces duty.

Grant that religion is universal, that all that is finite responds to the infinite, and we have externally a universe in order, and internally a tendency to the mental and moral sanity of an Emerson. In "Ethics of the Dust," Ruskin instances clay, sand, and soot, and shows how, following out what he calls their own "instinct of unity," they become, respectively, the sapphire, the opal, and the diamond. "The political economy of co-operation" is how he describes the methods of nature as here set forth. That the power which evolves the gem is an "instinct," and, moreover, an "instinct of unity," as Ruskin says, we may well believe.

For, however science may name the processes of evolution, the student will find them to be a series of *unities.*

Life is thus an entirety, and birth and death are but incidents of its changing processes.

If we turn to plant life, we find religion beautifully exemplified. Could we wish for a better object-lesson? Here we have a higher phase of the same principle of unity, and with it a new wonder which we call growth. Here we have diversity and "division of labor," but the same harmony of action as before. Darwin studied and wrote about the "habits of climbing plants," thus connecting them with higher orders of life, to whom alone the possession of "habits" and "instincts" is usually attributed. And in all their habits and instincts, with all their nature and being, they are striving always to make this earth a heaven. We may well take lessons in religion from the plant. For how does it reach its fruition, select the exact food for its growth and perfection? Through its allegiance to the law written within itself, which compels it to choose the right and reject the wrong. The grass, the vine, the tree, are perfectly scientific; and they are moved by a compelling power, which is also an indwelling power, which is to them exactly what religion should be to us.

In its flowering and its seed-germ the plant speaks to us of the mystery of the human soul. Cause and effect meet and are one in the seed. Enfolded and nourished by the plant, the seed itself contains a plant enfolded. It is thus both parent and child. It is not only cause and effect; but it is a cause in the effect, like God in his universe!

If the "instinct of unity" felt by particles of inorganic matter can compel them to form a gem, a thing of permanence and beauty, it is certainly nothing less which compels the plant to assume its complex life, nourish itself, beautify the earth, and through reproduction to live eternally.

Coming now to animate creation, we find that science has settled for us the question of the "Unity of Life" in this department.

The studies and practical investigations

of Aristotle resulted in the science of "Animal Anatomy." Superstitious belief in the sacredness of the human body blocked the way for centuries, and it was not until the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries that beginnings were made in the science of "human anatomy." From these two branches and from subsequent long-continued researches in general anatomy, aided substantially by the invention of the microscope, came the great science now known as comparative anatomy. Through this we have been studied in all our relations. We are found to constitute a great animate unity, in whose divisions and subdivisions our places have been assigned to us by Cuvier, Agassiz, and others whose *religion* it was to study us in our relation to the whole.

But not in physical science alone do we find proofs of our unity with the whole animate world. Psychologists, in seeking to learn of the human soul, must needs study among other things the *instincts of animals.* Let facts suffice. Too long have we assumed that, of all creation, we alone possess immortal attributes. Yet we have known that there were song artists in the grove, mathematicians in the hive, builders, weavers, and architects that challenge our admiration, and, perhaps more wonderful than all, the tiny sociologist whose intelligence is beyond our understanding, and whose brain is *relatively* greater than that of any other creature, man not excepted. Thus it seems that we have not a monopoly of mental qualities.

Almost all that we call "instinct" belongs as much to the animal as to the human. The well-known instincts of fear and of self-preservation may be cited.

Evidences of moral qualities in animals may not be so numerous, but they are not wanting. Domestic animals show habitually affection, and gratitude, even displaying unmistakably at times that higher quality, the capacity to forgive an injury.

In a man we call this religion Christianity.

> "To err is human;
> To forgive, divine."

Would it not be ungenerous, unscientific, not to say irreligious, to deny the possession by all or any of God's creatures of that which we may call God-instinct or *religion?* If we are so far from Infinite Love that we have no affection for our dumb friends, if we are so small in spirit that we can believe in a heaven awaiting us in our perfection, which does not await them in theirs, we may at least grant that we cannot leave them behind us, so long as they are our superiors in any respect.

But, you may ask, is not the capacity to worship God the test of a religious being, not the possession of mind, not even the performance of duty?

Are we not essentially different from these creatures of Nature, in that we, in our way, know and worship God?

For answer let Whittier speak:—

> "And prayer is made and praise is given
> By all things near and far:
> The ocean looketh up to heaven,
> And mirrors every star.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "So Nature keeps the reverent frame
> With which her years began;
> And all her signs and voices shame
> A prayerless heart in man."

If we cannot see, hear, and feel the worshipful harmony of the universe, surely it must be because of the obtuseness of our own spiritual perceptions, and because of our narrow, bigoted thought as to what constitutes worship.

Emerson says that the power of a man consists in the multitude of his affinities, in the fact that his life is intertwined with the whole chain of organic and inorganic being.

In studying vegetable and mineral life, we were impressed with the beauty and order, the obedience to law. In studying the animal creation, we have the advantages and the disadvantages of studying from within. Our position is not so favorable for perceiving the wholeness, the perfection, if there be perfection; but it is more favorable for observing those inward forces that are shaping us and uniting us. It may be and quite likely is true that our unity is but rudimental. It may be that we are only learning the laws, that we may obey them, only beginning to unite in the perfection required of us. Of one thing we may be religiously certain,—that the command for unity is imperative. It is God's message to us to-day.

The law of growth is upward through successive unities, and we find in the animate creation the highest unity of which

we have any knowledge. In the order of evolution, then, we should be the last to fall into order. We do not live scientifically, like the plant: we do not choose and reject religiously, and so have not attained the final harmony.

But, sooner or later, we must obey the compelling power of true religion; that is, true living and being and action. To defer it involves great suffering, and evade it we cannot.

It is this indwelling power, working in the heart and soul of man, which causes great ones to work for a lifetime in the service of their race, or even to give up their earthly lives, like a Jesus or a Damien. It is this which has persuaded some that the Golden Rule applies to animals as well as to men, and has caused them to form societies and give their best years and energies to protect the dumb beast from cruelty. In all that looks to the uplifting of humanity and the alleviation of suffering, we find the working of this power. It works in and through genius, compelling men to discover and invent.

Through these inventions nation speaks to nation, and great international possibilities loom up before us. From the uttermost parts of the earth we feel the bonds of our unity to-day. The great thought of the "brotherhood of man," which we as Unitarians have so gladly echoed and re-echoed, what is it but our "instinct of unity," our *religion?*

More than this, it has overcome the silence of dead ages, and has made the past speak to the present. We have felt the unity of all the generations, and it is like the "thought of God" brought near to us.

It is this power which compels the philosopher to "go to the ant," and to keep on going, which has compelled the study of bees and of earth-worms.

It is this power which has compelled all the great ones we love to honor to do and accomplish what they have: it is the compelling power of the God within them.

It is one with the creative power of art, in every department of which it seeks to express itself. It is the "living water" of human nature seeking evermore its "highest level." This it has found in the Christ ideal, which has inspired the art of the world.

This impulse from within, which requires from us our best and will not be denied, is our religion. It is in all life and through all life an indwelling Power and Presence and Energy.

THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR ANTONIO."

(Giovanni Ruffini.)

II.

Ruffini, settling in Paris about October, 1841, had passed through more than three years of struggling, melancholy life before he gained a friendship destined to brighten all his future. Early in 1846, while attending the death-bed of his fellow-exile, Giulio Robecchi, he became acquainted with Mrs. Cornelia Turner, an elderly English widow, devoted to works of charity. She soon grew to feel a motherly interest in this shy, reserved, solitary Italian, now verging on middle life. In time he was asked to occupy a niche in her family, apparently in whatever capacity as tutor to her sons Robecchi seems to have held before him. It is difficult, from the rather vague statements both of Linaker and Cagnacci, to ascertain whether Ruffini resided in her house or was merely a constant and welcome guest. It is certain that he for many years received from her that womanly care and tenderness which men of his sensitive disposition, full of *das Ewig-weibliche*, can so seldom do without, regarding Mrs. Turner, who considered him as her *cher enfant*, with a veneration almost equal to that which he felt for his own mother.*

It is not surprising that neither Giovanni at Paris nor Agostino at Edinburgh, with their pessimism and hearts full of bitter disillusion, should have been able to feel

*Mrs. Turner (described as cultivated, handsome, and having known much sorrow) is stated by Linaker to have been the authoress of an Anglo-Italian novel, "Angelo Sanmartino," published anonymously at Edinburgh in 1860. Even without knowing the authorship, it is easy to trace Ruffini's influence. Her hero's English mother is called Lucy, presumably after Miss Lucy Davenne (whom we take to have been named after the sweet Lucia of "I Promessi Sposi"); and the book, while singularly *naïf* and even crude, gives various items of personal interest regarding Italian matters for which we have long been grateful. We cannot think that Ruffini could have valued her literary tribute to his countrymen quite so highly as he is said to have valued her friendship for himself.

much unalloyed gladness or to augur much permanent good from the Italian movement of 1848. They are despondent even while trying to hope. Agostino, as usual, is the most excited while prophesying (how truly!) that the struggle with Austria is likely to prove longer and more difficult than his countrymen suppose. He writes that he has begun to make an autobiographical record of his six-and-thirty years of, as he says, somewhat misspent life. He owns that the sudden prospect of a change from the cold, solitary, methodical, contemplative existence he has led so long in Scotland, steeped in an element of pedagogy, to the agitated, active, passionate life awaiting him when he returns to Italy, seems to him like a dream. Visions of enrolling himself among the Lombard volunteers occupy him, varied by melancholy forebodings. Meanwhile Giovanni—not without reluctance and misgivings as to his own fitness for public life—is constraining himself to take the seat in the Chamber of Deputies at Turin to which he has been elected from Taggia. He does not seem to have desired to return to Italy. He is said to have made two or three excellent speeches (on the union of Lombardy with Piedmont and on the proposed demolition of the fortress of Castalletto, dominating Genoa to her disadvantage), but, with his usual modesty, sums up his parliamentary career by declaring that he generally distinguished himself by maintaining a patriotic silence in the midst of a deal of foolish chatter. He never grew to enjoy his position as a deputy, and gave it up in August, 1849. In January, 1849, he had been appointed Sardinian minister plenipotentiary at Paris, and resigned this burdensome dignity in March. Probably his very virtues were against him, since he was singularly ill-qualified for diplomacy or sustained conflict with other men. It is likely that the ill-health (fever and a threatening of congestion of the brain) given as his reason for resigning may have been caused or increased by the worries of his position, for he had had much to contend with during his two months' tenure of office. We regret the absence of any letters bearing on the reverses of this year, for the brothers must surely have had much worth saying on the subject of Mazzini's brief republic at Rome.*

It is evident that Ruffini, in spite of his patriotism and affection for his mother, did not desire to live with her at Taggia, or even in Italy. Nature alone does not disappoint him. He is discontented with everything, public and private; sighs for Paris; and complains bitterly of his poor *pension* at Turin, with its soiled table-cloth and pewter spoons and forks. Even the Italian women, he says, look ugly to him; and, having lived so long amid a higher civilization, he cannot adapt himself to his native land. His plaints, as usual, are outdone by Agostino, who, ere quitting Scotland, writes in his journal that he feels indifferent to everything, caring little whether he flings his life away in battle, tries politics, scribbles for the journals, rusticates at Taggia, translates from English or German (in which he excelled), or labors with his hands. He adds that Giovanni tells him it would be impossible for him (Agostino) to exist at Taggia; for it would soon lead him to imbecility or death, and that their mother is "a wreck physically and morally, poor woman!"

Poor woman, indeed! She was soon to see her son Agostino share in proving Giovanni's subsequent statement that their return to Italy had been the beginning of "an Iliad of woes. . . . The love for Italy is a malady which is fated to condemn to suffering all whom it seizes upon." Not long after coming home he was attacked, at thirty-six, by a lingering paralytic disorder, which, after compelling him to resign his seat in the Chamber to which he had been selected from Genoa, and abandon active life, consigned him to that very rusticating at Taggia that he had so dreaded only a short time before. His fate was a cruel one. Considered in youth as Giovanni's superior, he was doomed to fritter away his powers on too many objects, and to be remembered chiefly as the fellow-exile of Mazzini, the younger brother of the author of "Doctor Antonio."* Exiled at an age

* Giovanni's letters at the time of the *coup d'état* and the beginning of the Second Empire are full of very vivid and caustic sketches of the state of things in Paris, where, he says, the new emperor had but a cold reception, with speeches, etc., in plenty, but enthusiasm little or none.

* He even made some studies in theology, so that his friend Giglioli used to call him Padre Agostino. Cagnacci says that he left a quantity of unfinished sketches, fragments of poems, dramas, and ro-

when most Englishmen are still at the university, he was forced to waste some of his best years in miserable wanderings, and to spend his energies in more or less fruitless efforts in politics or literature, until his irascible, fiery nature had become hardened by misfortune. Save for the bare maintenance he at last earned in Edinburgh, he had little to show for that long sojourn in England which the gentler Giovanni, so quietly observant, turned to good account by the studies that prepared the way for his novels during the time when, according to Agostino's rough statement, he appeared to be doing nothing. Happy, indeed, would it have been for Agostino if he could have fallen in battle! For six years he dragged on a suffering existence, varied only by brief journeys in the vain search of health, until his stormy life ended at Taggia, when not yet forty-three, on the 3d of January, 1855.

We regret the loss of nearly all his writings, scattered among defunct periodicals, published anonymously in *La Jeune Suisse*, or burned by himself. The few fragments which remain make us more than ever deplore the blighted career, undisciplined powers, and melancholy end of a man who, deserving better things, seemed fated to

> "Live and die unheard,
> With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword."

Perhaps he himself when (as described by the priest who ministered to him during his last hours), on the very night before he died, he had paper after paper cast into the fire before his dying eyes, may have felt how he, too, had been one of those who seem to have kept in its sheath the sword with which they should have fought their way. He did not live to see the publication of "Doctor Antonio." We wonder whether it was more of a pain or a pleasure to him, the helpless invalid, to witness the success of his brother's "Lorenzo Benoni."

He is said to have enjoyed hearing the manuscript read out; and yet, what may not have been the undercurrent of his own unspoken thoughts? Hopelessly doomed, already far down hill,—here was the idealized romance of his distant youth, drawn from his own recollections, worked up by another's hand, admired by the world to which Agostino was unknown. Bitter, indeed, may have been this last drop in his already brimming cup! He had flung away his prospects by adhering to Mazzini and Giovanni; and yet he had never accomplished anything worth recording, whether for Italy, like Mazzini, by his writings, or for himself, like Giovanni, with the fame to be earned by his books. A man must be of saintly mould (and of such Agostino, interesting though he is, was not) to be willing to acquiesce patiently in his own personal defeat and insignificance, his being forced to play second fiddle to others, when he has risked and suffered as much as they, and must continue to lose and to suffer while they are reaping the profit and the praise. Whatever were his faults, the fact remains that he had practically been one of those martyrs for Italy whose martyrdom—perhaps unrecorded save by their nearest friends—owes its sharpness to its having been made without leaving visible results. Far from flawless though it was, his character inspires us with deep sympathy and a passionate pity. His letters, brimful of *verve*, ardor, and a certain caustic wit, are more interesting than Giovanni's, and may be said to form the main feature of Cagnacci's book. It is a satisfaction to remember that Agostino is commemorated upon the monument raised at Taggia to Signora Ruffini and her sons.

Giovanni, with his habitual blending of irritability and humor, vents his displeasure at being held up to the world as the hero of his first work. Mazzini, so wonderfully portrayed as Fantasio, is said to have sent a letter of thanks, of which we find no trace. For years he and his friend had drifted completely apart. Meeting in Paris in 1847, Ruffini writes that he plainly sees how his presence acts as a sort of *gêne* upon Mazzini, encircled by a crowd of worshippers. Nothing can exceed the noble and delicate beauty of Mazzini's letters to Signora Ruffini, condoling with her upon the deaths in her household, referring to his own lasting affection for her sons in terms strongly contrasting with their own frequent outbursts of anger and disgust. After Agostino's * death he wrote to Giovanni in

mances, besides the strong, sad lines given us, making us feel what a writer he ought to have become.

*Agostino thus sums up Mazzini's character in

words of affectionate sympathy, which, it would seem, awakened but small gratitude, and probably received no reply. Perhaps Ruffini thought that, in sending his former friend down to posterity as Fantasio, he had done quite enough. The book had been begun as a story in twelve chapters, describing Lorenzo's career at the Royal College. Disheartened by the difficulty of getting it accepted by any periodical, he had laid the manuscript aside, and might never have found courage to go on with it but for the advice of a friend, who persuaded him to expand his brief sketch into its present form.

It appeared at Edinburgh in 1853. Successful beyond his very moderate expectations, Ruffini, now forty-six years old, found energy to persevere in his new path. He was not one of those men who can suffice for themselves, labor on, and bide their time in the faith of final victory. Unlike Fantasio, whose "confidence in mankind was great, and in himself unlimited," Ruffini was, as he depicts his young Carbonaro,* constitutionally deficient in faith, both in himself and others. He describes his Lorenzo as loving quiet above all things, hating tumult, and shrinking from rude contact with the world to such a degree that we wonder how he should ever have ventured on the thorny path of a conspirator but for Mazzini's magnetic influence. Mazzini, as all remember, declared that his own first great sacrifice was in abandoning the congenial vocation of a *littérateur* for the sake of Italy. That his greatest title to fame is in his literary labors; that he was, above all else, a born master of language, whose inmost soul was steeped in the noblest poetry,—few even of his most ardent disciples in politics would deny. It is to his having drawn Giovanni Ruffini into his own circle that we are indebted for the unique Anglo-Italian romances that might never have been written, had the young Genoese stayed quietly at home, smoking in his lawyer's office that—so far as we can guess, from what he says of Lorenzo's lack of clients—never witnessed any law business from one year's end to another.

It was during a visit to Taggia, while poor Agostino still lived and suffered, that Ruffini, watching a brilliant sunset from the bridge, first conceived the outline of "Doctor Antonio." It appeared in the autumn of 1855. Referring to its being for sale at Galignani's, the author observes that "fame is beautiful and good, but unfortunately gives us nothing to eat." Successful though they were, and soon translated, his books brought him but a moderate amount in money. For the translations he is said to have received nothing. He suffered from being supposed to be rich when he was not. It is gratifying to think that his mother is likely to have enjoyed his masterpiece in a French version, and must have known how the original attracted admirers far and wide. Ruffini, quiet and modest as ever, was not intoxicated by his success. It was not long before, at the request of an English editor who wished him to try something humorous, he wrote "The Paragreens," afterward known as "Dear Experience." It is the amusing record of the tragic-comic adventures of an English bourgeois family at the Paris Exposition of 1855. Pleasant reading though it is, it seems too great a contrast to both its predecessors, and is said to have won less approbation in England than in France.

After the death in November, 1856, of his mother (whom the Genoese called *la madre santa*, because of her unfailing kindness to the exiled and unfortunate), Ruffini, much broken in health and spirits, felt no inclination to write until the events of 1859 had roused him to rejoice for his country. It was late in 1860 that "Lavinia" was published. Some critics thought it a faling off. That neither it nor his following works attempted to reach the high-water mark of "Doctor Antonio" is most true. The wonder seems that he should ever have produced such a perfect book at all. That it fulfills the conditions requisite for a really great novel we think that very few, even in this more exacting generation, would deny. Criticism, however, seems almost to

1844: "Strange, eccentric, and changeful though he is, there are, nevertheless, germs of inherent nobility in his soul, which, when you least expect it, blossom out into generous impulses of affection. He has, one may say, a lyric nature, full of fits and starts, but with a certain *je ne sais quoi* of Phœbic inspiration. In a word, he has many faults; but vulgarity is not among them."

*It seems almost beyond doubt that Lorenzo's character is largely drawn from Giovanni's, though many of his adventures at school and his attachment to Lilla were taken from Agostino's record.

sink abashed before a book like this, bearing as it does such internal evidence of being the work of a man who could never have been sordid, vulgar, or eager only to please the crowd. Those who have been fascinated by its charm do not need to be reminded of its quiet grace, refinement, delicate humor always bordering upon pathos (and Ruffini is forever rich in that keen, subtle humor apt to be found in men whose natures rest on the foundations of a secret melancholy), its occasional flashes of irony, its high-souled but never overstrung Italian patriotic ardor, its beauties of description, which some of his fellow-countrymen thought worthy to rank side by side with the best efforts of Manzoni, and the vague perfume of an idyllic poetry that, even when most mournful, may be said to breathe from out the whole.

Many likewise, who care little for the story of "Young Italy," must yet acknowledge that "Lorenzo Benoni" teems with literary merits of a high order, combining, as it does, a refined realism with a graceful lightness of touch that prevents it from ever growing dull. Almost as much may be said of "Lavinia," though it makes fewer pretensions to beauty and is more worldly than his greatest book. The middle-class Lavinia Jones is a fine, dashing, spirited, good-hearted girl (we might say a girl of the period, of forty years ago); but she says and does many things which the exquisitely refined, high-bred Lucy Davenne never would have said or done. It is a totally different material that he has chosen to handle; and Lavinia's story, far more complex than the lovely Lucy's, is full of interest, movement, and variety. We are given a glimpse of King Victor Emanuel quietly taking his afternoon stroll in Turin, and another of the exiled Manin, then earning his hard living as a teacher in Paris. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that Ruffini long ere this had become a warm adherent of the House of Savoy, gladly welcoming the monarchy that Mazzini still viewed as the root of all evil, and rejoicing in the part which Sardinia, thanks to Cavour, had been able to take in the Crimean War. Cavour himself is mentioned in the next novel, "Vencenzo, or Sunken Rocks" (1863), as a newly elected deputy, destined to play a conspicuous *rôle*, who was overheard spending hours in addressing an imaginary audience previous to entering the Chamber, in order to accustom himself to facing a real one.

This book, his last important effort, might be supposed to have taken its *motif* from certain remarks by Miss Cobbe in her essay called "The Nemesis of Woman." It is the vivid, painful, but interesting story of a couple gradually estranged and rendered miserable through the narrow-minded bigotry of an otherwise excellent and loving wife. Vincenzo, a young Piedmontese, is ardent, talented, patriotic, panting for action. Rose, beautiful, amiable, domestic, devoted, to her home duties, and eager, in her own way for her husband's happiness, blights his career, and becomes his evil genius, because her spirit is incapable of expanding or of shaking off the habit of a blind submission to the Church. Published in *Macmillan's*, it found much favor. It was followed by "A Quiet Nook in the Jura," a pleasing series of pictures of life at the watering-place of Schrankstein-bad, some portions of which we imagine to have been taken from a few of the author's early experiences at his solitary retreat of La Grange, in those days of exile. Not long after, with "Carlino," a charming novelette, and some slight but readable magazine sketches, Ruffini's career as an author closed.

In the spring of 1872 he suffered from a long and severe illness. When, a year later, he was visited by Edmondo de Amicis, who inquired what he was writing, he answered: "Nothing, because I have no more to say. Each one of us has but a certain amount of luggage in his portmanteau; and, when it is empty, if we try to draw out anything, we only get words." He had the rare sense of knowing when it was time to stop. In 1874 he had the grief of losing his motherly friend, Mrs. Turner. Paris, where he had lived for so many years, became distasteful to him. He is said to have always led a retired life, caring to make but few friendships, even among literary people, and without the least wish to be considered as a lion. His affections appear to have been concentrated upon comparatively few persons. Strange though it seems, he went back to end his days at Taggia, drawn thither chiefly by the fact of his owning

property, and by the memories of those dead ones with whom he had not wished to live while he had had a comfortable home elsewhere. He had never professed to like *i Taggiaschi;* and his almost savage independence of society included an aversion to the petty interests of a country town, though, like his mother, he was kindly and affable to the humble and the poor. At Taggia he received the title of Commendatore, the only honor awarded him by the Italian government.

At first he was able to enjoy making excursions with his friend Dr. Martini to Bordighera and San Remo. During the second year he became weary of seeing strangers, and wrote to Gallenga that he was not doing anything, either good or bad, leading such a methodical, uniform existence that it was said his daily appearance at the selfsame hour on the *Piazza Nuova* was the signal for certain housekeepers to put the meat into the saucepan. Had he been obliged to receive all the visitors, especially English, who wished to see him, he would, as Linaker says, have had but few hours to himself. He read much, both in English and Italian, feeling great concern at the direction that even then appeared to be taken by the writers of his native land. With politics he troubled himself but little. He wrote to Signora Marina Carcano (who had translated his "Doctor Antonio," the "Quiet Nook," and "Carlino") that his "two Holy Fathers" (*i due miei Santi Padri*) with regard to style and language were Leopardi and Manzoni.

His old age was rather sombre. Solitary, infirm, and with difficulty escaping from the annoyance of well-meant lionizing, he lingered on in the Villa Eleonora, in Via Soleri, living chiefly upon memories. It may not be too much to suggest that, if he had been compelled, as Agostino would have said, to "rusticate at Taggia" during middle life, without congenial society or intellectual stimulus, his genius, delicate, subtle, and beautiful though it was, might never have blossomed into the perfect flower of "Doctor Antonio." Like Mazzini, he was at heart a poet. This "gentlest of gentle Italians," as Mrs. Oliphant has called him, is said to have been a modest, retiring person, with nothing in his manners or appearance to indicate genius. His portrait is that of an honest-looking, clear-eyed, thoughtful elderly man, who could never have been called handsome. Perhaps the secret consciousness of being always rather plain may have helped to aggravate his innate shyness, sensitiveness, aversion to society, and constitutional self-distrust.

He became still more sad and silent, caring only to see and to converse with a chosen few. Melancholia, indeed, seems to have perpetually lurked in the background of the Ruffinis' lives. Possibly, this may cast a light upon the suicide of Jacopo in prison, and of the second son Vincenzo, never spoken of by his family, who, while a student of medicine, had thrown himself out of a window. Agostino, after mentioning his own *vita infelicissima* at the university, alludes to his *idee di suicidio.* Ruffini began to prepare for the death for which he longed as a release from much suffering of body and mind. He took pleasure in a book which treated of the "last things," and had been translated into English by order of the queen. In the September before he died he received a visit from the alumni of a military academy, who were making a *villeggiatura* at San Remo. Ruffini was moved to tears at seeing himself surrounded by these youths, in the uniform of the soldiers of United Italy, reminding him of his own long sufferings in the past and of the hopes he placed in the Italy of the future. The scene is said to have been most touching, while the old man earnestly besought the young to be faithful to their country, and to sometimes think of him who now, as it were, gave them his blessing from the tomb. Early on the morning of Nov. 3, 1881, Giovanni Domenico Ruffini passed peacefully away, aged seventy-four.

He was the last of his race. We are not told whether Signora Ruffini's first grandchild, her daughter Nina Durante's little Veronica Maria Elenora, whose birth is tenderly rejoiced over in one of Agostino's letters of 1839, had lived to womanhood. Possibly, this branch may have been extinct; for Ruffini's property was bequeathed to the son of the faithful guardians of poor Agostino's lingering decline.* This heir, Agos-

* Cagnacci gives the following singular history: One day, when Agostino, "held up rather than accompanied" by his steward, Giuseppe Berenger, came near falling on the pavement, a young girl, who happened to be passing, uttered a cry of sym-

tino Berenger, erected in the cemetery of Taggia a tomb with a touching inscription (and in the art of composing inscriptions the Italians excel) in memory of the Marchesa Eleonora Curlo Ruffini and her sons Giovanni and Agostino, now reunited here, after long separation, in the shadow of the cross.

Ruffini was denied his heart's desire of living to see the completion of the monument which was being erected in Taggia to the memory of his mother. When Dr. Martini first told him of the project, he was greatly moved, saying that, "if ever a woman deserved such an honor, it was she." And well does she deserve to be remembered, like the mother of the five brothers Cairoli, who, one and all, suffered, labored, or died for Italy. The name of Eleonora Curlo Ruffini should stand high upon that long, sad list of the mothers of Italy's exiles. What a chapter might be written upon their endless, unrecorded sorrows!

Sept. 17, 1882, saw Taggia holding the festival of unveiling the memorial. Above stands the bust of the *madre santa*. Below it, on the pedestal, is sculptured in bas-relief a mother-eagle with her three young eaglets,—Jacopo, Giovanni, and Agostino. All classes shared in the universal enthusiasm, while the presiding deputy, Giuseppe Biancheri (son of an old, tried friend, who had sheltered Giovanni in his own house during his perilous flight into France), surrounded by a crowd of deputies, syndics, and societies bearing banners, delivered an impressive oration, said to have been a fit companion to the one improvised upon the tomb of Ruffini the year before.

He lies at rest, as his biographer says, in his own beloved and beautiful Liguria, amid the perfume of myrtles and orange-groves, under the shade of the melancholy olives. His name is one that the country he so loved will not willingly let die. Mazzini's admirers often admit that the great republican's noblest work for his nation is to be found in his writings, which, more than his efforts in exciting revolutions, have helped to arouse Italians to a loftier ideal. Giovanni Ruffini, when he joined his youthful labors to Mazzini's, could not foresee that not his boyish plotting, but his beautiful romance of the patriot Antonio, was to be his own true share in the liberation of his land. Who shall say how many hearts may have been awakened to a love for Italy, and a hopeful faith in her future, by that pure and perfect story of the man who sacrificed everything for her sake, and of whom the last words of the tale record that he "still suffers, prays, and hopes for his country"? We do not know whether among the colossal heads of great Italians ranged in rows upon the Pincian Hill the head of Ruffini has yet been given a place. We are all familiar with the inscription upon Casa Guidi, telling how Elizabeth Barrett Browning's verse made "a golden link between Italy and England." Many are the golden links between those lands; and in our century there seems not one, after that of the great poetess, that is more bright and pure, more worthy to bind together the Italian with the English-speaking race, than the one which has been given us in the wealth of beautiful romance, the genial and delicate humor, the quiet pathos, and the exquisite union of the real with the ideal that we may find among the writings of the author of "Doctor Antonio."

URSULA TANNENFORST.

pathy. Looking at her a moment, Agostino, turning to Berenger (who was a widower), exclaimed, "You should seek her in marriage: my heart tells me so!" He did marry her, and the son of this union became heir to the property in Taggia. More strange yet is it that the young woman thus introduced into the Ruffinis' household proved to be a blessing both to Agostino and his mother, and would have been one also to Giovanni but for her dying some years before him. Agostino, as already mentioned, was frequently falling in love. He describes how, one March morning in 1839, in a London 'bus, going cityward, when he was suffering from depression, insomnia, and palpitation (small wonder, considering his habit of incessant smoking, which, like Mazzini, he carried to a vice), he of a sudden felt restored to peace and happiness by the sight of a young lady seated opposite to him, whom he supposed to be a daily governess, and to whom, though he never saw her again, he at once lost his heart. He says truly that in some things he resembled a boy of fifteen. Giovanni appears to have been less susceptible; and we can find no indications of his ever experiencing anything like a genuine and permanent attachment, though slight ones were not lacking.

What we wish to remember we must thoroughly possess. If it is in the line of our work, we must be master of it, not only laboring diligently, but understanding each step, being interested in each detail, seeing the relation of each part to the whole, and cultivating a passion for excellence.

TO DO, TO LEARN, TO LOVE.

BY HENRY G. SPAULDING.

O brothers! in your world of light and love,
Our struggling life of earth so far above,
We cannot think of you as now at rest:
Ye must be ever on the same high quest
That was your joy below. *To learn, to do,*
To love,—these make our earthly heaven. The True,
The Beautiful, the Good,—who gives his powers
To ends like these finds the forlornest hours
Transfigured and made blest. For you what more
Of sacred, helpful toil may be in store?
One prize we know is yours we fain would reach:
We work, and then are weary. Can ye teach
Us here the blessed secret ye have won,
To rest in labor,—without wearying run
The race? So doing, learning, loving still,
We might on earth achieve Heaven's holy will.

DOES DEATH END ALL?

BY REV. JOSEPH AUBREY CHASE.

The last words penned by Phillips Brooks, and found on his writing-desk after his death, were, "There is no Life but Eternal Life." Such a robust Christian faith is itself a title-deed of immortality.

But the reasons that support it do not lie on the surface: they are as deep as the universe and the heart of God. Now I would expose to view some section, however small, of the infinite circle of existence, that from its measurements, if possible, we may estimate the curve of our being, and see whether time or eternity, whether death or deathlessness, whether the Christian's faith, hope, and love, or the atheist's doubt, hopelessness, and selfishness, are the most truly inclusive of the awful range and sweep of our existence.

We know that, given three points only, a mathematician can determine any curve to which they belong. He can then compute the earth's distance from the sun and from the fixed stars, the nearest of which is 221,760 times farther from the sun than is our little earth. Now I claim that in the infinite world of spiritual realities, such as love, justice, duty, aspiration, there are points enough and to spare by which to estimate the curve of our destiny or to show clearly that we live after death. With the chart of reason and the compass of conscience let us, as moral surveyors, see whether the house of our existence here has the little narrow world of our five senses or the infinite of God for its foundation stone. But how shall we establish the first point? By running a base line through the instinct of self-preservation; and, if that line curves as we go on so as to take in a sweep wider than that of earth, why, then, we have clearly established the first point. We cannot, however, be too cautious in taking this initial point in our great survey; for, if death ends all, much as we might desire it otherwise, we will not deceive ourselves. Ever since the time of the stone age, for at least ten thousand years, this faith in immortality has been growing in depth and fervor in the hearts of men. What at first was only a vague idea of continuance of life after death has become a great, glowing, passionate desire of the purest and holiest; and what a tremendous idea it is, to be likened to nothing but the parallel idea of a living and loving God!

In most minds, indeed, they seem to be indissolubly united; and both are beliefs to-day almost universal with the race. For these very reasons we should be careful on what evidence we accept or reject them. Mighty as are the grounds for believing that what all men have with a few exceptions believed cannot be false, yet we would rest our faith not even on the whole race's belief, but only on the solid realities of existence out of which that belief itself was born. Let us, then, run our base line through the instinct of self-preservation. Now this instinct is a marvellous thing. All plants, animals, and men are controlled by it.

Yet, incredible as it may seem at the first glance, there is only just one way in which this instinct can be fulfilled; and so over the whole vast realm of plant, animal, and human life God has established his absolute and unchanging law by which this instinct of self-preservation is to be saved from failure. Now this law by which God preserves all life may be expressed in three words,—*die to live.* Plant, animal, and man must forever obey this law, or perish. Thus the physical life of everything is only maintained by constant dying. Every minute,

every second, there is a dying of old and a birth of new tissue; and the moment that process ends the physical organization ceases forever. This law, by which physically we live by dying, is strikingly illustrated in the life history of every human being. Physiologists note at least four distinct deaths and rebirths in the prenatal life of every child. Then there are those other wonderful transformations which are now certain facts of embryology. Does it not read like some marvellous tale of the "Arabian Nights," this story of the origin and growth of every human being? Beginning at first as a single cell, every individual born into this world passes swiftly through the successive stages of ascending life,—reptile, bird, fish, vertebrate mammal, and man; while in mature man the physiologist finds at least seventy distinct vestiges of the scaffolding of the ascent of life. God's eternal method is shown at every point in this strange drama of a growing soul, to live by dying being everywhere the law of life and of its preservation. Is it a universe, a rock, a plant, an animal, or a man the infinite energy from which all things proceed is building, the plan is always the same,—life through ceaseless changes, or what to our senses seems death, is the law of all existence.

Now are we to suppose that this law governs atoms and nerve tissues and brain cells, but stops when it comes to the moral and spiritual nature of man? No. The moral universe of human souls is itself only one more step in the evolution of worlds. There is absolutely no gulf between inorganic and organic matter, or between organic forms and human life, that the infinite and eternal energy cannot and does not bridge. Here, then, I make my second point. *Die to live.*

When Jesus dies on Calvary, when a soldier gives his life freely to his country, when any martyr or hero puts his faith or his patriotism to the sharp test of death, what is he doing? Throwing his life away? No: the law of the universe, supreme everywhere, must fulfil itself in him. Martyr and hero, obedient to that Christ voice that spoke out so clearly in Jesus of Nazareth, but that has always been heard ever since the morning stars first sung together and man was man, prove to the world for the millionth, millionth time that "whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." Now what are we to think of this law of our being which, thus in the name of great universal realities, such as right, integrity, and mother love, has the authority to command us even to lay down our physical life? Has the Unseen Presence, the Living God in plant, animal, and man, gone mad, that it asks this sacrifice of physical life in the name of Truth, Love, and Honor; or are saint, martyr, and hero, and all those innumerable ones whose lives are a slow martyrdom of suffering and privation for others,—as witness the mothers in ten million homes, who gladly sacrifice life and health for the children they bring into the world,—are they mad? Is this their instinct of integrity or love or self-sacrifice less sane and rational than the poor brute instinct that would save its life at no matter what price of shame or dishonor? Then, surely, it is high time for us to reverse our judgment of human worth and excellence, and instead of heroic and self-sacrificing souls let Judas Iscariot, betraying his Master for thirty pieces of silver, and Benedict Arnold, ready to sell his country for a traitor's reward, and the coward whose name hitherto has been the symbol of utter ignominy, be advanced to the front rank of glory and honor, and receive the plaudits of mankind. The man who on the field of battle cries, A thousand deaths rather than dishonor to our flag! what a fool he is when both he and his honor are to perish forever in a grave! The good man, to be sure, does not serve God and follow truth and integrity for the sake of immortality; but, whenever in their name he obeys that voice in his soul that forever utters its divine command, "*Die to live,*" he feels eternal life welling up within him, and is constrained to say with Jesus, "I and the Father are one." But, if death were annihilation, we should certainly remain forever ignorant of any goodness or integrity that we would not freely part with a thousand times if by so doing we could lengthen out our little span of life. Does death end all? As sane beings in a sane universe, the eternal difference between right and wrong would then possess nothing of the God-like character we now assign to it; for the divinity we find in these distinctions of the conscience is simply the expression of the soul's righteous

demand that its obligations and claims be equal. If man has no deathless claims on the eternal, then the obligation to die for truth's, right's, or integrity's sake, is an illusion. A normal conscience would then command no such sacrifices or acts of self-denial, but only such acts as might be found to promote our selfish enjoyment and pleasure. No doubt, if it were possible to thus eliminate the divine in man, he would soon become accustomed to the change, and adapt himself to the lower level; but what an awful degradation, what an utter collapse of his moral nature would immediately follow! The legendary fall of our first parents in the Garden of Eden would be insignificant in comparison. The mythical Circe, whose enchantments changed men in outward form into beasts, would be less fatal; for here the transformation into the beastly nature, morally considered, would be absolute. The voice of the divine unrest would then be forever hushed in human souls, and with it also all sense of any God to whom as moral beings we owe allegiance.

Run a base line through the universe and through the moral nature of man,—which is the highest thing in the universe,—and everywhere, even on the lower plains of physical and chemical organization, you will find the instinct of self-preservation clothing itself in the mysterious form, *die to live*. But, when we climb to the last height of evolution, to a being who can think and love and will, and, like his Eternal Creator, say, "I am," does this instinct of self-sacrifice now fail us at last?

Is the universe now bankrupt? Has it only lying promises to offer? The infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed does not suffer a single atom of matter to be destroyed. How much more shall it save forever that indivisible spiritual atom we call the soul? But the theory that all that survives of us after death is just an influence fares no better at the hands of the exact thinkers. The influence of Jesus, for example, how great and marvellous! What a world-transforming power! but Jesus alive to-day, and with faculties multiplied a thousand-fold in a higher realm, what an enormously greater influence is his as a living person than simply as a person in history! Shakspere, Washington, and Lincoln as deathless beings are doubtless a hundred-fold more powerful to do and to achieve than ever they were in the physical form. The influence exerted by any human being is not a millionth part in value what as potentially immortal is his rightful worth. Shall the Eternal One save atoms, and not save human souls? With the greatest candor and deliberation, weighing most carefully my every word, I am morally certain that, apart from the potency in matter to produce through evolution immortal souls, there is not one least human child of his who is not infinitely more precious to God than his universe of worlds. These worlds—why, evolution most clearly and positively assures us that they are simply God's scaffolding for the building of a man; and, if death ends all, then this wonderful scaffolding of ascending life for the building of a man just ends in a grave,—a grave, too, that, with the clearly foreseen ultimate withdrawal of the sun's light and heat, must swallow up forever all forms of life on our planet. Coxie's army marching so laboriously to Washington, there to end in a disorderly rabble, its leader arrested as a tramp for trespassing on the White House grounds,—this most ridiculous burlesque would yet be the most brilliant event in all military annals beside this steady march of a hundred million years of the evolution of life on our planet, to end in that petty insect we call a man, whose own end is to lie forever in a grave. Was it for this, at such infinite pains, that God called him into being? Then what we have been wont to call infinite wisdom is really only infinite folly. That the soul is not material, that it is spiritual, that it comes from God, is the verdict of our profoundest men of science and philosophy, men like Herbert Spencer and John Fiske. The proofs are so positive and irresistible that materialism as a philosophy, or the theory that it is the brain that thinks, feels, and wills, is scarcely held to-day by any man of repute in the thinking world.

What, then, is this strange and mysterious something which we call the soul? It is that which wills and thinks and loves. It is that conscious being or personality we call man. The destruction of that personality, or of our power to think, will, and love, therefore, would be nothing more or less than our spiritual annihilation. Now, in

the name of reason, in the name of the universe that never deceives us, but is sound and sane in every atom, I affirm that the primal instinct of self-preservation, when it utters its mysterious command,—"Die to live,"—does not mean annihilation.

"The ship may sink,
And I may drink
A hasty death in the bitter sea;
But all that I leave
In the ocean grave
Can be slipped and spared, and no loss to me."

Evolution has produced and can produce nothing higher and grander than a being who, like the God of evolution, can think and love and will, and, conscious of his own being, say, like the Eternal himself, "I am." It remains for evolution to now accomplish in the vast ranges of spirit life the mortal and spiritual perfection of this being it has called into existence. The instinct of self-preservation, and the same instinct grown to be a moral command to our spirit that we *die to live*,—these two together, therefore, form two points in the curve of our being as it sweeps resistlessly through death into the infinite beyond of God. Can we now describe a third point in this vast moral and spiritual curve? If so, then we can quickly tell whether time or eternity, whether a selfish prudence or a growing likeness forever to the infinite reason, goodness, and love, is the true measure of our destiny. When the instinct of self-preservation whispers to the heart or conscience its mysterious command, "*Die to live*," it always does this in the name of certain great and infinite ideals. If it bids us, for instance, sacrifice our love of self-indulgence to Christ-like self-denial, it is because the Christ ideal of life inspires and commands us. What a capacity we have for love and self-sacrifice, what heroism and devotion we feel ourselves capable of! but how infinitely far below our divine ideals are the lives we live! Why, such capability of loving have we that even in death many an earnest Christian soul might give utterance to its holiest aspiration in the words of the great Hebrew psalmist: "My heart crieth out to God, to the living God. When shall I come and appear before God?"

The ideal of justice, too! Is there one who does not know in his heart of hearts that the awful wrong and evil we have done ourselves and others cannot be atoned for in this short life, but that we must work out their sure penalty in ourselves forever? The aspirations of the intellect, also! The most intellectual man who ever lived is just preparing to know something when he dies. Now these ideals of love, duty, justice, and culture, what do they mean to us? Die to live is the eternal law of our spirits. These great commanding ideals, that bid us as spiritual beings look beyond death and find their fulfilment in the eternal life with God, as God liveth, are they not the voice of the Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed, his voice sounding in our souls? and has this Infinite Energy in plant, animal, and man ever been known to lie? Have not all its prophecies been always and forever fulfilled? From the first cell of living matter down through a hundred million years' climb of life, has one of these prophecies of change and growth into higher forms ever been known to fail? There is an insect known as the Luna Sphynx, that, having first entered the pith of the poplar, before it becomes a chrysalis turns its head square around, facing its place of exit, else it never could become a moth, and escape into the outer air. Now, I ask, what is this wonderful instinct of this insect that has been so fitly compared to the desire of immortality but a manifestation of the same infinite energy that inspires our ideals of truth and love and justice and duty, causing us to look beyond death for their fulfilment? But is it alleged that the gulf of death is so broad and deep that the Infinite Spirit of life is powerless to cross it, and so make real forever its own divine ideals of eternal life? I answer, Wide as is that seeming gulf, it can be no wider or deeper than is the gulf that separates between inorganic matter and living forms; and yet the infinite power of ascending life bridged that gulf as if it were a very little thing.

The universe is not bankrupt. The living God in it is not dead. All his promises will be fulfilled. Here, then, are the three points in the curve of our being which together determine the sweep of our destiny: (1) the instinct of self-preservation that we share with all living things; (2) that instinct become a law to command our moral allegi-

ance when it whispers its mandate, "Die to live"; and, finally, at still another point in the scale of our being, (3) the divine ideals which are the deathless fulfilment of this same eternal law, "Die to live." Now what does the measurement of these points establish? Does it not clearly show, even to a moral certainty, that the curve of man's personal being sweeps around death, and joins man forever in thought and purpose to the infinite and eternal of God?

THE LIMITS OF ANCIENT THOUGHT.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Classical scholars have been so long in the habit of contrasting our modern with the Grecian literary culture in a tone of quiet and self-satisfied disparagement that it needs a certain degree of hardihood to take an opposite view, and to claim that we are in advance of the ancient world literature as in mechanics. And yet, despite the justness of the Grecian claim to high artistic finish in their intellectual productions, it may not be impossible to show that, even in this respect, the world has advanced instead of retrograding, and that the loftiest merit of artistic labors does not necessarily consist in perfection of form.

It is, indeed, difficult to imagine that the world has made no mental progress during twenty-five centuries of active civilization, and that a race but just emerged from the depths of prehistoric gloom could, at a bound, reach a height which the accumulated mental labors of so long a civilized period have failed to surpass. Our claim to vast progress in science and mechanics is indisputable; but it is strongly asserted that we have gained nothing in intellectual acumen, and even stand at a lower level than that attained by a people still hovering on the farthest horizon of civilization.

I would not take exception to the prevailing views upon this subject but that there are certain features of the case which do not seem to have been fully considered, and which give us some reason for questioning the assumed supremacy of Grecian art and literature. We have no occasion to deny the full merit of the Hellenic productions. But we may, at the same time, point out certain limitations to this merit, and show that there existed a boundary wall at which the intellectual culture of Greece stopped short, but over which the modern world has passed, and entered new fields of thought beyond.

Human culture may, with some show of reason, be divided into three distinct sections,—the physical, the intellectual, and the spiritual. But the culture of the mind is properly embraced in these last two phases, the strictly intellectual section of which is confined to the far past, while in modern culture are intimately combined the intellectual and the spiritual fields of thought. The eye of the intellectual mind is chiefly fixed upon the outer world. It keenly observes and closely discriminates the facts and forms which surround it. Imagination unfolds into activity. Idealization is energetic. But these faculties act upon objects of sense rather than objects of thought. The beauties and harmonies of form, the artistic combinations of lines and colors, the melody of tones and delicate shading of expression, are the subjects to which the mental activity is devoted. There is, undoubtedly, a higher appreciation of the beauties of artistic combination than can be possessed by those who pay a divided mental allegiance to these subjects. For the eye of the modern mind seeks to penetrate below the surface of things. It perceives forces and principles which are not elements of exterior form. It sees the spiritual significance which animates the physical frame of the world without, and which lies inherent in the thoughts within; and, in seeking to express this inner meaning of things, it cannot, at the same time, give that close attention to the delicate perfections of form which constitutes the chief merit of Grecian art.

Any close observation of the mental conceptions of the Hellenic world will show that they are directly based upon visible nature, and never reach from the mundane into the supramundane world. Its philosophy is physical, seldom metaphysical; its poetry dwells upon the charms of the visible; and its cosmogony is but life upon the earth idealized. This is the phase of mentality into which the world slowly grew

through long eras of development, and which reached its culmination in the days of Athenian glory. Its glow and lustre can scarcely be exaggerated; and its productions, in their special merit, will probably never be surpassed, for the mind of man can never return to the condition under which they were produced. In this respect the productions of the modern mind are at a disadvantage as compared with the intellectual work of Greece. The attention of the Grecian artists was concentrated upon one purpose: that of modern artists is diffused over several purposes; and, in striving to reproduce the soul as well as the form containing it, they have gradually come to consider the form as of minor importance in comparison with the soul which gives it animation.

The coming of Christ and the advent of Christian thought stand as the dividing line between ancient and modern intellectual cultivation. Christianity taught the world that the soul was of more value than the sense, and it unfolded to men's eyes the deep spiritual significance which infuses all nature. It was a new revelation to mankind, and we need not wonder that it yielded a disdain of the physical marvels of the artistic past. The phase of mentality thus set in active exercise has been ever since growing and widening, the imagination grasping new heights of thought, and the mind idealizing ideas instead of objects. For a long period art ceased to exist. The physical disappeared in the glow of the spiritual. Only within comparatively recent times has a new art arisen, in which the form and the spirit exist in intimate union, and a distinct advance is produced upon the formal art of the ancient world.

Illustrations in support of these views may be drawn from the whole field of art and literature. Architecture yields striking instances of the difference between the art spirit of the two ages. A severe simplicity is the characteristic of the Grecian temple. Its whole object seems to be to take the senses captive by grace and harmony of outline, by just proportion and artistic finish. But it contains nowhere the element of spiritual aspiration. It is based firmly upon the earth, and gravitates downward in all its dimensions. In this respect it but adds the element of harmonious proportion to the sturdy massiveness of the preceding Egyptian architecture.

Among the first evidences of an escape from the sense standard of art is the Corinthian order of architecture, in which the imaginative began to triumph over the logical eye. This order, however, never proved pleasant to the Greek mind, educated, as it was, in the severest canons of art, and was chiefly employed at Rome, a fact of some significance in any analysis of the mental tendencies of the Romans.

But Rome disappeared under a flood of barbarism. The spiritual glow of the Christian faith shot like a gleaming woof through the dark warp of the barbarian mind. Architecture emerged from the gloom of the Middle Ages in a new form, inspired by a new spirit. The Gothic cathedral arose,—that ornate and grand edifice, so heedless of simplicity, so spiritually significant. The gravitation of the ancient temple is replaced in it by aspiration. This new temple to the unseen God seems to spurn the earth upon which it stands, and to soar upwards in all its dimensions, lifting itself heavenward in all its intricacy of arches, its lofty roof, and its upward-pointing spires. In its shadowy interior is engendered an involuntary awe, as if the soul of man shrank in the presence of a mightier spirit.

Such a feeling is never produced by Hellenic architecture. It acts upon the senses, as the Gothic upon the soul. It arouses admiration, but fails to awaken awe. In the Grecian temple man is filled with pride in his own greatness. In the Gothic cathedral he feels a sense of humility at his own littleness.

In a contemporary architecture, the Saracenic, the aspiration, though not the awe, of the Gothic is reproduced. Without the grandeur of the Gothic mind, the Saracenic emulates it in the aspiring spirit displayed by the springing arches, the slender minaret, and the bubble-like dome of the Oriental temple.

If we consider the arts of sculpture and painting, the same intangible but evident distinction will be perceived between ancient and modern work. Of these two forms of art, sculpture is the one best adapted to physical effect, painting to the production of spiritual expression. It may

be through the silent influence of this fact that sculpture flourished most abundantly in the ancient world, while painting is the favorite form of modern art. Grecian statuary yields us the richest development of the idea of physical beauty. The fathers of art chiselled again and again in marble the perfection of the human frame. They sought not to express the soul, but the body. Their standard of perfection was that of the gymnasium. Their statues never tell stories. Their facial expression is generic, not specific. They reproduce only such feelings as physical suffering, triumph, modesty, fear, and the like. In fact, it is difficult to do more in marble; yet modern sculptors have succeeded in adding some ideal sense to the perfect exterior of ancient work. Compare, for instance, the Venus de Medici with the Greek Slave. In the one, we have simply a modest shrinking from observation: in the other, the pained endurance of a proud soul. In the one the beauty of the form is the whole. In the other the beauty of form is subordinate to the expression of the face.

In the art of painting we possess none of the celebrated ancient examples. Yet, to judge from the extant criticisms upon these works of art, we may fairly conclude that they excelled in their appeal to the senses and in their exact representation of nature, and told nothing of the conflicts and conquests of the soul. The modern painter, on the contrary, has developed not only the perspective of nature, but the perspective of the mind. Greek art is admirable in foreground. Modern art excels in what we may call ideal perspective: it looks from the body, on which rested the eyes of the ancient artist, far into that kingdom of the soul which stretches so illimitably away beyond the boundaries of physical nature.

The dividing line between this phase of ancient and modern art may, in fact, be very closely traced. In Michel Angelo we have the last of the great ancient artists, in Raffaelle the first of the great modern. The one paints bodies, the other souls. The words of Hazlitt in relation to these two artists expresses, indeed, in the most concise terms, the true distinction between ancient and modern art: "The forms of Michel Angelo are objects to admire in themselves: those of Raffaelle are merely a language pointing to something beyond, and full of this ultimate import."

The distinction here drawn applies to other fields than that of art. Let us take the institution of chivalry, for example. Could there be anything more alien to the ancient character? Can we even imagine the world of Greece and Rome yielding to the spiritual frenzy of the Crusades? It was animal passion or ambition that animated the past. All its enterprises had a strictly logical object. Its wars originated in selfishness or anger. Its migrations were commercial or colonizing. Even its ideal war, the siege of Troy, was strictly personal in its aims and end. Nowhere in ancient enterprises can we trace the sentiment of the impersonal.

During the Middle Ages, on the contrary, the world became stricken with a frenzy of the soul. Europe surged toward Palestine. Why she knew not, except that the ground made sacred by the divine presence was desecrated by infidel feet. It was no longer earthly conquest or animal passion that urged men on to death or ruin. They fought upon earth for the conquest of heaven, and sought to extend the borders of the kingdom of life out into a region illimitable and unknown to the nature-worshipping past. Strongly similar to this in spirit was the great Mohammedan movement, the overflow of half the civilized world by a torrent of fanaticism pouring from the desert of Arabia, the first proselyting aggression known in history.

We may even carry this comparison into the religious persecutions displayed in the successive periods. They occurred sparingly in Greece, largely in Rome and in later Europe; similar in cruelty, widely different in purpose. In Greece the object was to avenge insults to the gods. In Rome it was to avert danger to the State. In modern persecutions the impersonal sentiment again appears. Men are straying from the heaven offered them. They must be forced back. Cruelty, torture, death, are mild ends in view of the object to be gained. It is not the gods, not the State, that is to be considered, but man himself. He is refusing the good offered him. He must be forced to accept it.

So the sense of human brotherhood is of modern birth. To the ancient Greeks and

their contemporaries the world outside their national limits was peopled by barbarians, in dealing with whom faith and justice were uncalled-for virtues. Even the little rocky peninsula of Greece was divided between a number of hostile tribes. Fraternity, with this enlightened race, meant simply allegiance to the tribe. The cosmopolitan philanthropy of our days would have seemed simply madness to the mind of an ancient Greek. The tribes had sufficient fellow-feeling to combine against foreign aggression; but they tore one another to pieces like snarling dogs, when left to fight out their own selfish feuds.

So far as any evidence from literature is concerned, the love sentiment in the past was markedly distinct from what it is in the present. We find no evidence of the deep feeling, the intense sentiment, that characterizes modern affection. Take the love of man for woman out of modern imaginative literature, and there would be no literature left. Take the same sentiment out of Greek poetry, and its bulk would scarcely be diminished. The famous love-song of Sappho is love in its most sensuous phase. The lament of Moschus for Bion is love of man for man. We find nowhere an impassioned declaration of love of man for woman. In the whole range of Greek tragedy we find but one strongly declared lover, the character of Haemon in the Antigone of Sophocles. Yet how is he treated? He pleads passionately with his father for the life of Antigone, but not on the plea that he loves her, and cannot endure, for his love's sake, to have her die. On the contrary, he hardly names his affection, and appeals only to justice and public opinion. It was what we should call a good opportunity wasted. Would Shakspere have handled such a subject in such a frigid vein? The Greeks seem to have utterly lacked the fervent modern idea of love, if we may judge from their literature.

If we consider Greek literature in its other aspects, the same marked difference in character from modern literature may be observed. Let us consider the poetry of the two ages, that form of literature in which the imaginative and mind-impelling sentiment of a race chiefly displays itself. Here the distinction is plainly marked. The muse of Greece walked upon the earth, or, if it took wing, its flight was but to the summit of Olympus, the home of the earth-born gods. It never entered that midland of the pure ideal, the home of modern song. The eyes of the Greek saw only the outward aspects of nature, not its pervading spirit. He stood and looked abroad upon nature. We enter into Nature as a part of herself. The universe appealed only to his senses, and culminated in the line of beauty. With us it appeals to the soul, and culminates in its hidden significance. Ulysses, in Homer, casts himself upon the rushes and corn at the river-side, seeing in them only food and rest. Dante, inspired by a deeper vision, girds himself with the rush as the emblem of humility under chastisement.

We admire Homer as we admire the Parthenon, for his harmony of outline and the grace and grandeur of his effects. In all his range of thought he views life only from the physical standpoint. No purely ideal conception enters into his verses. He paints not the mystic sentiment, but the visible image of nature. His song is everywhere the apotheosis of the physical. He has all the merit of the sculptors and architects of his country,—grace, harmony, and artistic finish. The smooth and vigorous flow of its verse, its rich variety, its correct imagery, its pure and lofty diction, are to us the attractive features of the Iliad. We can still delight in physical perfection, and we think not of looking there for spiritual sentiment. There is no idealism. The imagery, that most abstract feature of verse, is borrowed wholly from visible nature, and is limited to the most apparent of her infinite similitudes. Storm and calm, the labors of the husbandman, the rising of the sun, all the prominent phases of nature, are appositely applied. But nowhere can we apply to him Shakspere's picture of the bard: —

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

Airy nothings have no place in Homer's pages. Even his gods are somethings of the most substantial type.

I may extract—more, however, for its intrinsic beauty than as an illustration of the above remark—Tennyson's charming translation of perhaps the most imaginative simile in the Iliad: —

"As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful; when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart;
So many a fire between the ships and stream
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,
A thousand on the plain; and close by each
Sat fifty, in the blaze of burning fire;
And, champing golden grain, the horses stood
Hard by their chariots, waiting for the dawn."

To the later poets of Greece the same character may be ascribed. They grew refined, musical, full of spirit, grace, and vivacity. But their highest flight reached but to the borders of the unseen world. We find them nowhere passing that intangible limit or grasping the key to the door of the infinite. The picture of the poet which Shakspere draws applies only to our modern bard. It is his verse alone which is filled with the pure idealism of thought. Despite the physical limitation of so much of our poetry, it may justly be claimed the indwelling spirit of modern verse is what we may call its metaphysical power, its inner illumination by that magic lustre,—"the light that never was on sea or land." The world of thought as well as the world of sense is deeply searched for its treasures and its far-reaching analogies. The poet no longer stands upon the firm shores of thought, but plunges into the infinitudes of time, space, and circumstance,—

"With thoughts like ships that cannot land,
Blown by faint winds about a magic shore."

In illustration of the above views a few extracts from ancient and modern poets may be presented. The ancients, however, in whose verses we can hope to find any deeply imaginative thought, are few. Perhaps Pindar, the chief of Greek lyricists, presents the best examples. I may extract from the Second Olympic Ode some lines illustrative of his most exalted conception of the spiritual sphere of man's existence: —

"The deeds that stubborn mortals do
In this disordered nook of Jove's domain,
All find their meed; and there's a judge below
Whose hateful doom inflicts th' inevitable pain.
O'er the good, soft suns awhile,
Through the mild day, the night serene,
Alike with cloudless lustre smile,
Tempering all the tranquil scene.
Theirs is leisure: tempt not they
Stubborn soil or watery way,
To wring from toil Want's worthless bread;
No ills they know, nor tears they shed,
But with the glorious gods below
Ages of peace contented share.
Meanwhile the bad, in bitterest woe,
Eye-startling tasks and endless tortures bear.
All, whose steadfast virtue thrice
Each side the grave unchanged has stood,
Still unseduced, unstained with vice,
They, by Jove's mysterious road,
Pass to Saturn's realm of rest,
Happy Isle, that holds the blest;
Where sea-born breezes gently blow
O'er blooms of gold that round them glow,
Which nature boon from stream or strand
Or goodly tree profusely showers;
Whence pluck they many a fragrant band,
And braid their locks with never-fading flowers."

It is not necessary to enter into a description of the peculiar features of the realms of pain and bliss here poetically indicated. Any work on Greek mythology will give a conception of the utter lack of ideality in the ancient Tartarus and Elysium, in which the poet here finds the future home of the bad and the good. These lines, no doubt, are graceful and picturesque. But their range of thought is strictly limited. Let us compare them with a modern treatment of an antique theme, that in which Tennyson describes the wanderings of Ulysses: —

"I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees. I am become a name.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved

From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."

This is not the Greek tone. The Ulysses of Homer was possessed by no such divine thirst for knowledge, no such yearning for the beyond. There is an outreach of thought here which would be sought in vain within the tomes of ancient verse, a flowing over the bounds of time and space, and an aspiration for a something beyond the reach of sense which no Greek would have understood.

It may be well to give another illustration. I may compare an extract from the pathetic elegy of Moschus on the death of Bion with a parallel extract from Shelley's imaginative elegy on the death of Keats. Thus the Greek poet sweetly deplores his dead friend:—

"Ye woods, with grief your waving summits bow;
Ye Dorian fountains, murmur as ye flow,
From weeping urns your copious sorrows shed,
And bid the rivers mourn for Bion dead;
Ye shady groves, in robes of sable hue
Bewail; ye plants, in pearly drops of dew;
Ye drooping flowers, diffuse a languid breath,
And die with sorrow at sweet Bion's death;
Ye roses, change from red to sickly pale;
And, all ye bright anemones, bewail.
Ye nightingales, that perch among the sprays,
Tune to melodious elegy your lays,
And bid the streams of Arethuse deplore
Bion's sad fate; loved Bion is no more;
Nor verse nor music could his life prolong.
He died, and with him died the Doric song."

This is pretty, pathetic, but physical in its tone. It clings to visible nature as if it dared not let go its hold on the tangible. Compare it with Shelley's bold outlaunch into the infinitudes of thought:—

"The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek;
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven;
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar,
Whilst, burning through the inmost vail of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

This spirit of outreach into the illimitable nowhere exists in the verse of Greek poets. Their songs are built on the plane of the senses. They show us nothing of the spirit instinct in the flesh, of the soul that burns through the sense. To them the world is a mighty appearance, the universe a vast exterior. The poetic remains of Greece, like the ruins of its sculpture, appear

"Strange fragments
Of forms once held divine, and still, like angels,
Immortal everywhere."

But the spirit of modern poetry is like the genius of the Arabian fisherman, escaping from the open casket of verse in gliding vapor before the eyes of its uncultured possessor, but to eyes of deeper vision gathering into majestic and sublime forms, all whose strength and beauty no eye can fathom.

There remains still to be considered that highest phase of human thought, that deepest reach into the kingdom of the abstract which the soul of man is capable of making; namely, the conception of Deity. In this search for the infinite we leave furthest behind us the realm of the material and gain the extremest depth behind the veil of sense; and, in comparing the power of races for abstract thought, we may truly say, "By their gods shall ye know them."

Yet even in this loftiest phase of abstraction the thought of Greece was based on the physical plane. Their deities were simply invisible men and women, without even the virtue of being free from a single human weakness.

Religion is absolute faith, boundless hope, unlimited love."—*B. Fay Mills.*

THE PASSING OF REV. HEZEKIAH WARREN.

BY REV. MATTHEW LOCK.

Warren entered the Harvard Divinity School in the fall of '77. This was prior to the days of the higher criticism, and when the old thought had still an existence, if not a life.

The first glimpse I had of Warren was on the day of his arrival from Chicago. He was sitting in the passage-way of the third story of Divinity Hall. It was a warm September day,— too hot, in fact. Yet there he sat, wrapped in a blanket and quilt, and shaking as if he were out in the open air on a cold winter's day, in his summer clothing.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Fever and ague," was the chattering reply.

"But why are you not in bed?"

"They-are-fixing-up-my-room."

When his room, No. 30, was ready, I put him to bed, and begged him to stay there.

"What can I get you? A doctor?"

"No. Ice! Lemons! Ice!"

After seeing him as comfortable as possible, I went down to the Square, and got ice and lemons and quinine. I nursed him as well as I could, and in two weeks he was well at work again.

This introduction made us fast friends until the day of Warren's death.

I do not think that my friend was cut out for a great philosopher or theologian, yet he was a good student. And he had in him the making of a good preacher.

In Hebrew his standing was low, in theology and philosophy passable, in general literature good. When, however, we met in the old chapel, and it was Warren's turn to preach, the sermon was one of the best.

We were, therefore, not surprised when before graduation Warren was called to one of our best churches in New Hampshire. Under his ministry the old church took on new life. A Sunday evening service was established, and the people filled the church. The Sunday-school increased in numbers and interest. Warren had the teachers meet regularly once a week to study the lessons for the following Sunday. He changed the socials from the old gossip shops into club dinners, to which he invited good speakers. In this way he made his parish acquainted with the ministers of our larger cities. There was a glow of life to the old parish, root and branch. And, to cap Warren's happiness, he fell in love with a most estimable lady, and she with him. It was no obstacle to their union that the lady had a yearly income of not less than $2,000.

In the fall of 18— the National Conference was held at Saratoga. Warren wrote inviting me to stop over for a few days with him on my way to Saratoga. As I was glad of the opportunity to visit him, I left home the week before the Conference, and arrived at Optimusville on Friday. But what a change in Warren! He was stout. He was slow in every movement. Instead of walking to his house, we took a carriage. Almost the first thing he said to me was that he was dieting, though I saw no signs of it at any time during my visit. His health also was a subject of too much of our conversation. I wondered how all this came about. I therefore did all I could to get Warren to tell me about his work,—how many services he had on Sunday, about his Sunday-school, and the social gatherings.

I found out that he had given up the Sunday evening service. One sermon on Sunday morning was all the congregation cared for; and, in fact, they wished that to be short. It was also desirable to have the prayers as short as decency would permit. As for the singing, that was left wholly with a paid quartette.

"The fact is," said Warren, "I do not interfere in that matter at all. The leader is a trained musician. He shows great taste in his selections."

I asked, partly out of a spirit of opposition, "Does he show wisdom as well as taste?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this, Warren: do his selections contradict every word you say in your sermon?"

"Not quite, but sometimes the harmony is not all it ought to be. Now and then we do have 'Glory be to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.'"

"And how about the Sunday-school?"

"Well, the truth is that I pitched into the Sunday-school with too much vim at first. I had a Bible class. I spoke to the school

before the close of the session. We had teachers' meetings, but I had to give this all up. The superintendent rather liked to manage things in the Sunday-school himself, and the social engagements of the teachers made regular teachers' meetings impossible. So it was! I let things have their way, and I am out of it."

"But, if you keep on, you'll be out of everything. You'll be only a figure-head."

"Possibly so, Mark; but it gives me time for reading."

"Yes; but we ministers ought to have something more to do than to read, read, read. There are the finances."

"Oh, the Parish Committee takes care of all that."

"Well, the young people's meetings?"

"The young people look after them. They don't like to be interfered with."

"The social gatherings?"

"Oh, as to them, the ladies prefer to manage them."

"The conferences?" in sheer desperation I exclaimed,—"the local conferences?"

With much composure Warren replied,—"We have settled down in our conferences to the exquisite pleasure of hearing the continual roaring of a few of our prominent lions."

"Indeed! and I presume all this builds up the churches, and makes the conference meetings of great interest?"

"I can't say that you state the case as it is. Things are just so,—so. They run along. Besides, I do not feel now as if I had the health to take a more active part in outside work or to take upon me any great burdens."

Together we went to Saratoga, where Warren enjoyed himself, not by attending the meetings, but by indulging in the delightful excursions got up for the benefit of those who would help the cause by putting themselves beyond reach of knowing what is demanded of them.

I was not going to return home by the route by which I came. So at the close of the conference I bade Warren good-by. As I did so, I made a mental comment to this effect: "Old man" (Warren was not old, but I so thought of him), "you can't keep this up."

I had no idea that my thought would meet with a confirmation as soon as it did. For I was home only a few weeks when word came to me that Warren was dead,—died of apoplexy.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

TO confer with many minds promotes liberality of thought. Saratoga, while it offers no local field for missionary extension, does provide more than any other place the opportunity for a vast amount of individual personal conference.

In this way, younger ministers can enjoy the privilege of listening to the confidential talk of the fathers of our faith, and the fathers can hear, often with considerable astonishment, the inspiring hopes and expectations of their youthful juniors; while the members of prudential committees and other pillars of church properties can become acquainted with the trials of their fellow burden-bearers and their methods of alleviation.

An immense amount of the most practical kind of beneficial influence is thus generated, and we are inclined to make our first note read:—

IN ELECTING CHURCH OFFICERS, LET IT BE UNDERSTOOD THAT EACH MEMBER OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE IS EXPECTED TO ATTEND THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

This seventeenth meeting of the Conference opened on Monday evening, September 20, with quite a large gathering in Convention Hall at Saratoga. Dr. Robert Collyer offered the opening prayer. Rev. M. O. Simons read very impressively the magnifi cent fortieth chapter of Isaiah, and then Rev. Reed Stuart delivered a modern sermon that

might take its place with many of the great utterances of the prophets of old. We give all our readers the privilege of feeling the thrill of spiritual inspiration one cannot miss who reads this ideal discourse, by printing it in full in this issue. It is a plea for broader vision, for less petty measuring of insignificant and material details, and for more willing submission of the soul to the divinest influences. "One flashing moment of intimation that life is immortal is worth more to a soul than threescore years and ten of learning all there is to know about dollars and cents."

Our next note we address to the Council and managing secretary :—

LET THERE BE USHERS.

When the devotional services are interrupted from opening to close with a constant incoming of laughing and chatting delegates who do not expect to be in time for the service of worship, but hope to secure good seats for the following exercises, it is well to alter the arrangements, and this irreverent confusion could be easily avoided if there were ushers instructed not to admit any one during prayer or address. Some simple strips of carpet or matting down the aisles might also be provided, with great benefit to us all. We were told that no preparation was made for the devotional exercises, not even a Bible provided for the men who had been invited to conduct the services.

Even at the communion service on Tuesday morning the continual interruptions by late arrivals made it impossible to enter into the spirit of the sacred service.

At the opening of the business part of the Conference the president, Senator Hoar, made a telling address, welcoming all "whose faces were turned toward the light, whose hearts were open to God." He gave some compact advice to both laymen and ministers. To the laymen he said he would ask them to make a contribution,— a contribution of that good old-fashioned virtue called "zeal." He wanted the ministers to stop giving definitions of all things under heaven, and preach more about practical godliness.

The chairman of the Council, Rev. Minot J. Savage, then read the report of the council, which was more vigorous, emphatic, and practical than any previous reports for many years ; and our next note must be :—

LET THE REPORT OF THE CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL OF THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE BE READ FROM THE PULPIT OF EVERY UNITARIAN CHURCH IN THE COUNTRY AS AN OPEN LETTER OF ENCOURAGEMENT AND ADVICE.

We presume Mr. Savage wrote the report himself, as it rings from end to end with the power and earnestness that always seem to cling to his vigorous speech.

This report, which sounded more like "orders for the day" than a dead report, was admirably followed by the secretary of the American Unitarian Association, Rev. George Batchelor, in an address in which he emphasized the position of the Church in the world as a "master force," representing the "commanding things" of life as no other organization does, and appealed to the individual parishes to provide the means by which the American Unitarian Association as the chief missionary body, can go forward to larger works.

The business on which committees reported at this session was altogether confined to proposals for endowing the *New World*, a quarterly periodical which promotes scholarship in philosophy, the higher criticism, the scientific study of religion, and other valuable fields of inquiry. We thoroughly believe in this good work, as we do in all other scholarly and literary publications; but our note on the subject must necessarily, for both practical and truly scientific reasons, read :—

WHEN EVERY FAMILY IN EACH OF OUR PARISHES SUBSCRIBES FOR THE "UNITARIAN," THEN LET THE MINISTERS ENCOURAGE THE SUPPORT OF THE "NEW WORLD."

The meeting of the Women's Alliance was one of the most enthusiastic gatherings of the week. Mrs. B. Ward Dix, Mrs. Emily A. Fifield, Miss Florence Everett, Mrs. R. H. Davis, and Rev. Florence Buck were the principal speakers. The last two speakers were particularly eloquent, and moved the audience to great enthusiasm.

Rev. E. A. Horton presided at the mass meeting on Tuesday evening, and in a few brilliant words of introduction called attention to the vast opportunities of our Sunday-schools and young people's societies. Rev. W. W. Fenn, Miss Lucy Wheelock, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, and Rev. John M. Pull-

man, D.D., spoke. Dr. Pullman, who is a Universalist, made a most telling address, in which he declared Unitarians and Universalists were growing so much alike that pretty soon their dear old nursing mother, the truth, would not know them apart.

Another Universalist, Dr. W. S. Crowe, gave an exceedingly eloquent paper on Wednesday morning on "The Old Theology and the New in Relation to Biblical Criticism"; and a great deal of joyous satisfaction was expressed that the action of the Conference three years ago, in adopting the platform which it then did, paved the way for such men to feel one with us. This satisfaction was accentuated on Thursday, when the evangelist Rev. B. Fay Mills also spoke with hearty appreciation of our faith.

Great addresses were given by Rev. John W. Chadwick and Rev. Charles F. Dole at the Wednesday morning session. Mr. Chadwick reviewed the historical development of the idea of the unique divinity of Jesus, and declared the whole argument involved an atheistic element,—that, to complete the divinity of Jesus, God had been eliminated. Mr. Dole pointed out existing points of difference between even the newest Orthodoxy and Unitarianism. The idea of the Bible, the conception of Jesus, the place of sin in human life,—are all matters of the gravest importance, and yet upon which Orthodoxy cannot yet take the modern liberal views.

The Temperance Society's meeting on Wednesday afternoon brought forward a speaker new to most Unitarians in Mrs. Leonora M. Lake, the vice-president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union. Her address was one of the most telling and powerful appeals that our society has ever heard, and great enthusiasm was shown by the audience. Rev. George Hosmer presided in a most graceful and winning way at this meeting, and Rev. J. T. Sunderland spoke eloquently.

At the evening meeting two very keen addresses, both provoking thought, were by Francis C. Lowell and William D. Foulke on citizenship and public life.

The last day, Thursday, opened as each preceding day of the Conference with clear sky, bracing air, and sparkling sunshine, every temptation to tired delegates to fly to the fairyland of Lake George or the nearer charms of Saratoga Lake or McGregor Mount. The attendance, however, was just as large and as steady as though every outside physical attraction were far removed. The first papers were very careful studies in social conditions, Prof. Edward Cummings treating of "False Hindrances to Social Betterment," and Prof. Nicholas P. Gilman, "Animated Moderation," after which Rev. B. Fay Mills gave an earnest and forcible popular address on "The Mission to the Multitude." His plea was for more devotion, blood-earnestness, spiritual power. True religion needs a great thought, a great personality, a great occasion. All these the liberal faith can claim to-day. Mr. Mills was a good living illustration of his own demand for power; and we note from his address the following amplification of a good old motto :—

RELIGION IS ABSOLUTE FAITH, BOUNDLESS HOPE, UNLIMITED LOVE.

On Thursday afternoon papers were read by Rev. George C. Cressey, Ph.D., on Immortality, Rev. Samuel C. Beane on "The Testimony of Literature to the Spiritual Life," and Rev. Clay MacCauley on "Christianity in Japan."

The closing session of the Conference was occupied by a rousing platform meeting, in which the speakers were all so eager and so fully equipped that the twenty-minute limit proved a galling yoke. Rev. John Synder, Dr. E. E. Hale, Rev. Eli Fay, Rev. Minot J. Savage, each received an enthusiastic reception as he rose to speak upon "Denominational Loyalty."

The following are the principal resolutions adopted by the Conference, those relating to the appointment of State Superintendents being laid on the table: —

The independent churches and societies represented in this National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches are earnestly recommended to consult with the respective Committees of Fellowship in their sections of the Union concerning the settlement or resignation of their ministers.

Whereas the need is urgent for some serious and direct expression of our liberal thought as touching all the more important aspects of men's moral and religious life; and

Whereas we cannot feel that our liberal thinkers and scholars are doing all they should in furtherance of this end and all that is required of them by the exigencies of the present time,—

Resolved, That a committee be appointed by this Conference that shall, if possible, devise some plan whereby those among us who are most competent for the handling of great questions may be encouraged to prepare a series of books setting forth clearly and persuasively the most reasonable and satis-

factory solutions of these questions which have yet been discovered.

That the Fellowship Committee of the Conference be instructed to confer annually with the officers of the American Unitarian Association in regard to the list of ministers as published in the Year Book, and recommend the addition or dropping of names, so as to make it as nearly as possible a list of those who are entitled to such recognition.

Resolved, That the National Conference heartily renews its recommendation first made in 1894, that an endowment fund of $50,000 be raised to insure the continued publication of the *New World* quarterly; and it emphatically urges upon all Unitarians the duty of giving to this highly important enterprise a solid financial foundation. The chairman of the Conference is hereby authorized to name a new committee on the current support and endowment of the *New World*, to continue and complete the work so well begun by the committee appointed by the last Saratoga Conference.

THE UNMEASURED LIFE.

Sermon preached by Rev. Reed Stuart at the Opening Session.

"Afterward he brought me to the gate that looketh toward the East."—*Hebrew Prophet.*

Those worthy but often literal students of the Bible, whose labors resulted in the now almost unused volumes called Commentaries, always encountered great perplexity when they reached the scene partially described in the words just quoted. They made a commendable effort to reduce all its strange imagery to terms of the understanding, but they were never quite sure that they had succeeded. They were in some doubt as to whether the mountain to which the prophet was carried was real or imaginary, whether the form seen measuring the temple was a man of earth, an angel from the sky, or a mere creation of the writer's fancy. Some of them thought the temple was an actual historic structure. Others found less difficulty in thinking that it belonged to the future, and was outlined as yet only in the air.

Two reasons at this time are present for not attempting to scatter the cloud of uncertainty which still hangs over the scene. One of these is inability, the other indifference. Like those who wrote the Commentaries, we do not know the meaning of all the details of the vision: unlike them, we do not regard it as of much importance what they may mean. When reading "The Vision of Mirza," or "The Serpent Bridge," or "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came," one does not care to interpret every word and allusion in the measurable terms of prose. Thus with this vision from the far-off time. Passing lightly and swiftly over the minute details, the mind soon reaches its highest point and finds its larger meaning. Dismissing the critical and curious understanding, and asking the imaginative and poetic sentiment to become his guide, the reader is led to the mountain upon which a temple stands. Wandering through its courts without halting to measure them, admiring its snow-white columns without caring to count them, looking at the windows without estimating their cost, then mounting its stairway, he reaches the gate which opens toward the east. Looking through it, at once he sees that for which the temple exists. Through it the splendor of God was seen. A voice like that of many waters was heard, many waters,—sublime, like the waves breaking upon the shore, musical as the rain falling upon summer leaves, gentle as a brook gliding through a meadow between flower-fringed banks. Looking toward the east, the whole visible earth was sparkling in a light more refulgent than the sun pours down in June. The glory came from a Sun behind the sun.

Having asked this vision to yield its larger meaning, we may thank it for what it has done, and then dismiss it. What was sought has been found. Having been found, it seems to possess more than a local significance. It can be carried away from old Palestine, and applied to new America. The temple is the world. The open gate is the soul, through which the greatness and beauty and glory of the world may stream.

Let it be confessed that one of the needs of our era is that we take larger views of all things than we are accustomed to do. The larger meaning and use of science, of literature, of art, of government, and of religion, are essentially their truest use and meaning. To fail in finding these is to be ignorant of that for which they exist. Unfortunate, indeed, would that age be whose science had become mere fact-collecting, the observation of phenomena, and the drawing of inferences therefrom relating only to the material world,—the life of to-day and perhaps to-morrow; whose literature had become the multiplication of books without regard to their quality, phrase-making, and babbling echoes of

former ages; whose art had become the reproduction of form and color, imitation without inspiration, realism with the true Real omitted; whose government, national and international, had become a game of politics, measuring each principle by its commercial value, mistaking national selfishness for patriotism and brag for bravery; whose religion had become a criticism as touching the past, indifferentism and dilettanteism as touching the present, and scepticism as touching the future. It would doubtless be a libel against our era to say that, in all respects, or perhaps in any respect, it could be thus described. We may join with the cheerful optimists in praising our times. Perhaps, all in all, our age is the best the world has ever possessed. But it is not perfect. In each of its great departments it might be much better than it is. Especially is there need to guard against satisfaction with what has been attained. Material triumph is not enough to make an age glorious. If we must reach limitations, we should not be content with the inferior boundaries. Things are known truly only when their highest meaning is known.

To be able to weigh a mountain is worth something, but it is not worth more than the ability to fill the mind with thoughts which far surpass the mountain in magnitude and sublimity. To survey an orchard and drive stakes at its boundaries does not proclaim the greatness of the soul, any more than looking at it for a moment when in full bloom, and then permitting thought to fly away far beyond its boundaries and its blossoms, and roam at will in the vast, unhorizoned realm of beauty. To love a flower announces the fine quality of the heart as much as does the power to analyze and classify it. The constant love of a friend is much more valuable than a scientific demonstration of friendship. A mother is much more precious than an essay on motherhood. For the same reason, religion as an age-long, world-wide sentiment, stirring the spiritual nature to its depths, becoming duty as touching the actual, aspiration as touching the ideal, and thrilling every hour of the present with a boundless expectation, is much more valuable than whole libraries of theology, old or new, essays on criticism, lower or higher, semi-scientific lectures to prove the truth or falsity of miracles, the trinity or unity of Deity, and arguments more ingenious than ingenuous to show the harmony between Genesis and geology.

The period in which those of us who have passed middle life have lived their years has had a passion for exact measurement. It has been an era of weighing, surveying, analyzing, demonstrating. It has tried to reduce the universe to a formula. It has resembled that conceited but cowardly officer who boasted that he carried the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf. In the fable the squirrel thought the mountain was made only for a convenient squirrel-track; and some have acted as if the universe had been made merely for them to analyze and lecture about. If they were not here, there would be no use for it.

As a result, affirmations have been weak and hesitating. Great in many ways, no one will pretend that the middle fifty years of our century have been great in their spiritual belief. Materialism never became a science; and we are informed that, of all theories, it is at this date the most unscientific. Nevertheless, for a time it became, at least, a half-philosophy of life. Becoming a half-philosophy, it became a three-fourths' practice; and its results were painfully apparent. Literature descended to meet the new conditions. The commercial standard was applied to every department of life. The old question, "What *is* he?" gave way to the new question, "What is he *worth?*" Temporary success has been made of more account than character and the method of success. Meanwhile the wings of the spiritual life have been furled. There have been many critics, but few prophets. What not to believe has been made very apparent: what to believe has been half under a cloud. Faith seemed to have reached its winter solstice, and the halt threatened to become permanent: oblique and frost-laden its beams fell upon life. Those who were indifferent found it an easy thing to give up faith, expectation, and a high sanction for duty. Those who were anxious to retain these fine qualities had much to overcome. Some trembled every time a new book was announced by a student of nature or history, lest they might find religion wholly archaic, and soon to be marked in the dictionaries as obsolete. Others suspended all judgment until the final facts were brought in. They would not decide whether they have a soul or the universe a God until the scientific societies had made their last report.

Not here or elsewhere would it be anything but ungracious to speak lightly of what science has done and is still doing and will yet do for the world. In it is fulfilled the twofold fable. Here is Argus, with the hundred eyes to see, here Briareus, with the hundred hands to do. Ever since Œdipus answered the riddle of the Theban Sphinx and Alexander cut the famous knot, —symbols, it may be, of the inquiring and conquering spirit of humanity,— science has been busy solving problems and multiplying a thousand-fold man's power over nature. Shall, then, any mortal play the part of the ill-tempered Thersites, and rail at this hero? Let him, rather, weave a garland for his brow. And yet let us not forget that its domain is not universal. Not conceit over what it has done, but reverent humility in presence of what remains to be done, and much of which transcends its methods, is more becoming.

The world is much vaster than one mind or than all minds can measure. The chemist can analyze a part of it, and write down the laws which govern it. The geographers can survey the surface of the earth, and make an accurate map of its continents and oceans. Geology can give the plan of its construction, and describe the action of those forces which, working through almost illimitable stretches of time, gave its present shape and structure. With its immense measuring-chain, astronomy surveys the night sky, and, returning to earth, overpowers the mind with report of the great space-sweeping orbits along which roll worlds and systems of worlds. It eloquently describes flaming suns equal to a thousand like the one which pours its light and heat upon our home, which yet, because of their millions of millions miles of distance, seem no larger than the candle in a cottage seen across a field: they are as powerless to illuminate all space as a single lantern, swinging at the mast-head of a rising and falling ship, is to illuminate an uneasy midnight ocean. Thus, along with the measurable and describable, there is always suggested the indescribable and measureless.

Our age has fallen deeply in love with facts. But it must be remembered that facts are nothing more than the material which the mind uses to build a bridge by which it passes from the material over into the realm of the limitless and spiritual. This solid, concrete shore of earth upon which rests one pier of the marvellous bridge is not to be despised. In many ways, it is a delightful place. With its plains and forests and oceans, its cities and industries, its harvests, its homes, its manifold forms of near beauty and use, its capacity to minister to life in so many ways,—truly, it is wonderful! It is not surprising that the mortal heart passionately loves it, and is most loath to leave it. But this shore is not a finality. It exists to suggest a much greater shore where whatsoever delights here is repeated to delight the advancing and enlarging mind. Facts, be they microscopic or telescopic, are not equal to the Soul which forms them nor to the soul which beholds them. When the rainbow is analyzed and described, its cause discovered, and it is found that there is not an urn of gold at each end of it, we have received some useful information. But the mind receiving this definite knowledge does not halt with that. It can admire the graceful band, woven out of sunshine and raindrops, and drawn over a cloud; but it can do more than that. Beyond definite knowledge, beyond admiration for the near and visible beauty, it can go far out into the remote and invisible, and adore the pre-existent and eternal Power from which all things proceed and by which all things are sustained. If the understanding says, "The phenomena are infinite," reason says, "Being is infinite." The poet among the mountains asks the cataract, the pines, the flowers, the eagle, the clouds, the avalanche, the lightning, who made them; and, with one impassioned voice, they all utter forth the name of God. But that eloquent poetry is also the statement of a high philosophy. When Tyndall stood on the summit of the Jungfrau, and, seeing the changes wrought from age to age, asked himself what had caused them, he could only answer, The sun. As man of science, that was a sufficient answer. But man as philosopher and man as worshipper, who is equal to man as scientist, cannot stop with that answer. He will ask another question. The sunflowers on earth all turn toward the sun. "But whither," asks Jean Paul, "do those flowers point which grow upon the sun itself?" Do they not lift their faces to be kissed by the light from a vaster Sun? The mind cannot avoid asking such questions. It seeks causes. It loves greatness. After laying its measuring-rod upon every

part of the visible and tangible temple, it will finally go to that place which has an opening toward the Orient, and, forgetting all its measurements, will be filled with amazement and adoration as it beholds the uncreated splendor and hears the uncreated music of Almighty God.

The thought is as old as Plato and the Hebrew prophets, and as new as Goethe and Carlyle, that the world is Deity externalized. It is a revelation made to each prepared and expectant soul. This word of God is not bound. Earth is only one of its pages, the solar system one of its chapters. Science is the study of it, ethics the translation of its commandments into life. Worship is the natural awe and wonder welling up in the soul, when read with reference to its author. Praise is the voice of gladness when the heart sees its goodness. Prayer is the spirit's recognition of the unyielding but beneficent laws pervading and penetrating all things, and the high resolve to range life on their side, and with them conspire to hasten the coming of the Perfect. Faith is the soul's loyalty to the best it sees and the unwavering conviction that, in spite of all delay and each recurring defeat, through the moments and through the millenniums, the divine Providence is advancing to victory.

We are not unaware of the standing objection to this way of thinking. The vagueness of the spiritual, its lack of lucidity, its refusal to be packed in a convenient formula, is so glaring a defect that some regard its claim upon them as an impertinence. What do you know about the Infinite, you dreaming philosopher? What do you know about God, you adoring mystic? The answer must be, Not very much, indeed,—not enough to boast of. Then let us hear no more about it. Give your mind to near and concrete things. I have a fine specimen of butterfly through which I have stuck a pin, which I would like to show you. Have you seen a microbe under the glass? How is wheat quoted this morning? This drought will cut down the corn crop forty per cent.

Against this temper of mind not much can be said. One does not like to become the champion of the vague, nor shout his views in the market-place or across a chasm to those who, if they hear, will answer in half ridicule. So all one can do is to go away in silence, and maintain to himself that the little he knows, or thinks he knows, about the spiritual life is more precious to him than all the knowledge he may possess concerning the material world which lies around his feet. Better to know a little about the whole earth than to know all about a grain of sand. One flashing moment of intimation that life is immortal is worth more to a soul than threescore years spent in learning all that may be known about dollars. Not much is known of that star called Sirius; yet, when we recall that it is one hundred and twenty-three billions of miles away, and still across that immensity can fling its friendly rays down into our eyes, we bow in humility and wonder. We do not know much about God, but the little we do know compels us to bow in adoration. Our knowledge is not great in quantity, but its quality makes it very impressive.

It may be further written that the value of art and literature and religion consists in their power to awaken this sentiment in the soul. Art must suggest the ideal. Through the eye it must appeal to the mind. In each picture there must be something more than exactness of detail. Ruskin thinks it must have a place through which the mind can escape into the infinite. The road on the canvas halts, but it must leave suggestions that it leads much farther. The river carries the mind far away from the canvas, down and still down among scenes that are not painted, until it reaches its destiny in the great, solemn sea. The horizon which limits the eye must be not like a stone-wall, but vast, vague, waving, as if blown by the wind that sweeps amid the worlds, not hindering, but inviting the mind to pass into the boundless. The same is true of sculpture; the statue must lead the mind to what it signifies. It is true of poetry; its mission is not to instruct, but to inspire. Of music, also, it is not the exact reproduction of tones that avails; it must interpret meanings to the soul which otherwise could have forever remained unrevealed. Thus the arts are all more than ministers to sense. Their true mission is to lead life upward, and point out the open gate to those realms lying eastward of the sunrise.

One of the mistakes of some who are friendly to religion is to neglect this evident law. They build doctrinal and verbal barriers around, and leave no escape for

the soul. The man with the measuring-rod has been very active. Everything must be defined. Religion was all found in one ancient book. The church doctrine was made the boundary of thought. God was analyzed and defined. He was called Infinite: then he was measured. An infallible book was assumed: then the attempt was made to explain it, forgetting that the infallible needs neither explanation nor defence. The infallible is self-evident.

It is this error that in these days is slowly being outgrown. Many are trying to move away from the narrow confines of theology out into the open and free ranges of a universal religion. That sentiment is seen to be independent of books and churches. Not one of the sects, the oldest or the newest, nor all of them combined, can contain it. It is not orthodox nor heterodox: it is human. It was present with our Aryan fathers when they worshipped the glorious Dawn. It was not absent from the banks of the Nile. It left signs of its marvellous presence on the hills and plains of Attica. It camped for a time amid the solemn forests of Northern Europe. It flamed up in a wonderful brightness in Judea. It is as long as human experience, and broad as the parallels over which the great human army has made its amazing march. When the ocean can all be painted on one canvas, religion can all be held in one sect. Is its office to make theologies, build churches, defend or destroy the authenticity of Hebrew or Christian parchments, umpire a game between scholars while they knock back and forth the day of manuscripts,—their divineness rising and falling as, in turn, each player has a temporary advantage? Oh, no: these are only small incidents attached to it. Useful, too, perhaps, but not essential. We must not forget that radical criticism has no more to do with religion than has conservative dogmatism. Its place is above them both. Its office is to inspire the soul to holy living, to enthrone duty for the present life, and throw wide open the gate of expectation for the future. It would seem as if it would be wise for conservative and radical alike, for a time, to lay down the measuring-rod with which they are trying to take the dimensions of the theological and historic structure, and move upward into the larger realm of thought, of love, of aspiration,—the realm of the soul and its God.

Returning to the main thought, let us confess that our existence cannot all be measured by sense and the understanding. Yet let us be just to these powers. By them we come in close contact with a concrete and material world. Neither shall any libel be uttered against it. O beautiful world! Thou givest us flowers in the spring, harvests in the summer; and in autumn thy forests unfurl their banners of crimson and gold. Every day thou givest us a sunrise and a sunset. Here we found our friends; here, long ago, our blessed mothers sang us to sleep. Here we live our few or many years of toil; and, at last, upon thy bosom we will rest. Instead of blaming thee, gladly, if we could, would we chant a hymn in thy praise.

And yet what we see and touch and love on this earth, often we are admonished, is not the Reality, but its symbol. Luminous moments dawn upon us all. "Give me a great thought to go into eternity with," the dying Herder said. But a great thought causes the horizon to retreat when we are not dying, and reveals that already we are in eternity. There are times when all barriers disappear, and the soul is free to move, like Beatrice, unhindered, from star to star. Sometimes this freedom comes when life is on that neutral ground that lies between waking and sleeping. At other times it is when listening to music that one becomes conscious of having passed from the sensuous to the spiritual. After the instruments have ceased disturbing the material air, the sweet harmonies go on, refined and purified, still sounding in the soul. Again, it may be when we are apart and meditating over the deeper meaning of existence, perplexed, but not cast down, that we are suddenly apprised of a Presence not our own. Then our darkness becomes light, our perplexities vanish, and our few tumultuous years of earth sink in the great, calm ocean of time. Then we feel that our destiny is in the keeping of One whose power is measureless, whose goodness is as great, and whose splendor fills the mysterious world.

Blessed are they to whom science and art and religion and all natural beauty and all sad and joyous experience are gates through which the soul freely passes into larger and fairer worlds than earth,— where the symbol is changed for real being, and where each mortal form is made resplendent by its indwelling, immortal Life!

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE, D.D., CHAIRMAN.

Our churches have always been so jealous of their liberties that they have refused to intrust them to the keeping of any organization. This fact has been both our strength and our weakness,—our strength, in that it has kept us true to those principles which alone justify our separate existence; our weakness, in ways which, a little later, we propose to point out.

It follows from the fact just stated that this National Conference is not a legislative body. It exercises, and rightly, a tremendous moral influence in matters both of faith and order. For, in its freshly representative capacity, it is the churches themselves coming to a sort of corporate consciousness of their own deepest beliefs and purposes. So each separate church feels itself re-enforced by the sympathy and backing of a hundred others akin to it in faith and will. We come together, then, not to be told by the Conference what we *must* believe and do. We come rather to confer together, and so find out what we *do* believe, and rouse ourselves to a fresh and compelling sense of what we *ought* to do.

To the hands of the Council is committed the work of the Conference in the interim between one session and another. It is its business to watch the drift of affairs, take whatever action changing conditions seem to call for, and then to bring in its report for the Conference to approve or condemn.

One of its chief tasks has been to decide as to where this Conference should meet and to make out its program.

As to the place of meeting, perhaps it will be enough to say that we canvassed the matter with a great deal of care. We tried to arrange for a place farther west and so nearer to our geographical centre. But, for this year at any rate, we found it to be impracticable. We venture to express the hope that the obstacles may be overcome in time for our next meeting.

As to our program, if it does not "speak for itself," the able and competent persons whom we have selected will speak for it.

During the past two years five separate committees have been appointed to consider matters which seemed to us of sufficient importance to be brought before you for definite action. These matters are as follows: first, an amendment to Article 4 of the Constitution; second, the relation of the Conference to the Liberal Congress of Religions; third, the orderly and legal ordaining of ministers in Unitarian churches; fourth, the revision of the rules of the Fellowship Committee; fifth, the making it the duty of the Fellowship Committee to advise with the officers of the American Unitarian Association in revising the ministerial list in our Year Book.

These committees have reported, and the Council has taken action upon their reports. These reports are printed, and will be placed in your hands. Then, at the proper time, they will be brought before you as matters of business, for you to dispose of as shall seem to you best. They will then be published as an appendix to this Report of the Council. As, therefore, they will be before the Conference for discussion and action, and as that time their importance can be pointed out, there is no necessity for detaining you by further reference to them now.

It is with the profoundest regret that your Council takes official note of the death of one of its ablest and most devoted members, Hon. George S. Hale. A busy and successful man in his profession, he was never too busy to serve the cause he loved. At whatever personal inconvenience, we always counted on his presence at our meetings. Freely, but without any assumption of superiority, he gave us the benefit of his long experience and ripened wisdom. Kindly and courteous, we learned to love the man as much as we deferred to the suggestions of his sagacity and the disinterestedness of his opinions. Our sadness for his loss is cheered by the belief that he still loves and works for the truth which was sacred to him here. We tender to his family our most respectful sympathy. And we will try to give to the cause he loved a devotion and service as nearly as possible equal to his own. Let us make such lives as his an inspiration to better work and nobler consecration.

As a denomination, we occupy a most fortunate position. Others may tremble at the changes wrought by scientific, philosophic, critical, or social advance; but, as we have anchored ourselves to no man's theory, the destruction of theories cannot

harm us. Whatever happens in this direction, we can say with Hamlet, "Let the galled jade wince, *our* withers are unwrung." Having given bonds to defend nothing but the truth, so long as the truth is safe, our position is unassailable. Since the essence of religion is in the eternal relation between man, the everlasting child, and God, the everlasting Father, we are concerned only to know what this relation is and to make it what it ought to be.

So great has been the business depression of the past two or three years that all religious bodies alike have been compelled to retrench in their missionary work, or else to burden themselves with heavy debts. We have chosen what we believe to be the wiser way of retrenchment. Mr. Lincoln once said that he never used anybody's money but his own. We have followed that policy. So we have attempted to organize new churches only so fast as we could honestly pay our way. This has meant that we have had to turn aside no end of pressing and importunate appeals. There have been many and most interesting cases of churches which would insist on being born, in spite of the fact that we could not promise to pay for either swaddling-bands or cradles. Young churches so vigorous as that are not likely to die easily. While, on the other hand, we have learned to our cost that, when we have had too persistently to coax infant churches into existence, they have afterward spent most of their time in coaxing us to keep them alive. So our compulsory "go slow" policy has not been an unrelieved misfortune. In regard to many of our prematurely-born societies the famous epitaph would not be entirely inappropriate: —

> "If so soon I must be done for,
> I wonder what I was begun for."

Perhaps a little caution as to the birth of new societies might hopefully diminish the list of "infant mortality."

If any one is disposed to become discouraged over the slowness of our growth as an organized body, it ought to comfort us a little to remember that the leadership of the world, in art, in science, in education, in society, everywhere, is always in the hands of the few. If we must choose between leadership and the majority, who among us would turn to the easier way? It still requires something of courage, of independence, of clear insight and strong will, to follow the lead of Abraham, and go out at the call of God, without any selfish calculation as to the whither. We want no cowards, no Nicodemuses, who are so afraid of their shadows that they come to us only "by night."

The one thing which, perhaps more than any other, stands in the way of the rapid growth of our churches is—paradox though it be—the general spread and acceptance of our ideas. Science, philosophy, education, criticism, the drift of civilization,—all are our way. So generally are our great affirmations accepted and preached that thousands —without any nice thinking on the subject —are saying, "We get all the liberalism we want where we are." Our point of view as to evolution, as to the Bible, as to future punishment, as to putting the emphasis on the humanity of the Christ, is now so generally accepted that one hears our voices everywhere. Dean Stanley said he had listened to the teaching of a great many pulpits, but Emerson was the preacher in them all. So we may feel that our doctrines are heard by multitudes who never enter a Unitarian church.

We are not egotistical enough to suppose that we have done it all. It is God, as the Time Spirit, to whom all praise is due. But it *is* our legitimate glory—and let us not be too modest to make good our claim to this—that we are the first religious organization to take frankly such a position that we can consistently welcome every fresh revelation of the Divine. It is something to throw open the front door to God's messenger instead of apologizing for letting him in at the back. This fact of the wide acceptance of our great affirmations ought to shame us out of all pessimism, and sting our sluggishness into an activity commensurate with our wonderful success.

But, while we rejoice in the growth of the general acceptance of our ideas, we feel it our solemn duty to make an earnest and vigorous appeal in favor of intellectual honesty. We cannot understand how ministers can stand on a platform which their preaching regularly repudiates. We cannot even seem to approve while thousands of

persons remain in and help support churches whose creeds and general attitude they no longer indorse. Laxity in this matter is a menace to the moral integrity of the age. The constant solemn reiteration of that which is not believed must tend to weaken one's allegiance to the truth, not only in religion, but in other directions as well. We are not chiefly interested in the multiplication of Unitarian churches. But we ought not, as Unitarians, to be satisfied to see our thought accepted by other organizations. Just because our thought is growing, we ought to insist, with Jesus, that the new wine be put in new wine-skins, and not in the over-strained and breaking receptacles of the past. For the sake of the moral and spiritual health of the people, we ought to give them no rest until they come out and confess their allegiance to the highest truth they can see,—confess it as their duty to God and for the sake of their fellow-men. Because our truth is spreading is no reason for relaxing our efforts. All the more reason that we should help to organize the seers of the truth into armies whose conquest shall be the triumph of peace and love and mutual help all round the world. Then, when they are ready to come to us, let us not advise them to stay in and attempt the impossible task of fighting out the battle of liberalism inside the old organizations. No institution ever reforms itself from the inside. It is the men who come bravely out and protest, who compel old self-interest and inertia to square themselves with the living realities of the growing time.

May we now point out a few matters bearing on present duty? Our cause is safe. But are *we* safe? Are we doing the right things and the most we can to help on and to hasten the day of God, which is always "at hand" for those who are ready for its coming? What are, then, a few of the practical concerns to which we need to give our earnest attention?

I. At the outset of this report we not only commended our liberty and our jealous guarding thereof, but we also said it was a source of weakness as well. So now we wish to say a word in favor of a closer organization. It has been generally assumed, in the churches of the past, that any religious organization must be about the creed, and that for the sake of gaining the power which goes along with organization the freedom of thinking must be surrendered. But why? Is uniformity of belief the only principle of coherence? Why might we not be as closely organized for practical work as is the Church of Rome, and still be intellectually free? Can we not organize around a common purpose? Might we not even make freedom a principle of our organization, in the same way as does the Association for the Advancement of Science? Let us be as careful to maintain our mental liberty as we have ever been. But let us not forget that we ought to organize for the sake of liberty. While the enemies of liberty are organized, why should we remain a mob? Every little while in some quarter some precious principle of freedom is threatened, and we ought to be in a condition to meet such threat with all the massed and banded liberty of the land. We are aware that to combine freedom and order is one of the most difficult tasks in the world. But we ought to have reached a point by this time where we can at least begin its realization.

II. To this end, let us do what we can to make the many so-called "independent" movements outside our Unitarian fellowship unnecessary. We are *independent* churches, *people's* churches, *free* churches, with all that those names can imply. If we have faults or limitations which keep away from us any true men and women who are bravely and freely seeking the living out of the noblest religious life, let us find out what they are and remove them. We ought to be broad enough so that any more independence than we have to offer should not be needed. Are we not already broad enough? I, for one, cannot imagine myself having any more liberty than I now enjoy. Perfect freedom of thought and speech and action are already ours, and no one questions our right to them. Let us remember that liberty is not an end in itself: it is only one means to that grander end,—a noble life and a noble service of our time.

III. Among the original objects of the American Unitarian Association, as set forth in 1825, appears the following: "To produce union, sympathy, and co-operation among liberal Christians."

Waiving the question as to how much the Association has done in this direction, your

Council would like to emphasize the fact that there is room here still for work on the part of the Conference and of us all. The cry for union is, just now, a popular one in all the churches. And, in face of the fact that so much needs to be done, it is a scandal that force should be wasted over sectarian questions of no practical importance.

We can understand antagonism between churches which hold that their differences involve the eternal destiny of human souls. But as between two bodies like the Universalists and the Unitarians (not to specify others whose differences are equally unimportant), who are striving for substantially the same ends, both in this world and the next, serious separations and jealousies appear wholly indefensible. Keep the separate organizations, if you please, but at least let us not divide the forces of good in any one little town where there is room for only one live society.

As we look over the general religious field, including all denominations, we come more and more to feel that we are sadly in need of one more society,—*a society for the abolition of churches.* How can we expect a healthy and sensible sinner to have any respect for a Christianity which divides and wastes its forces on petty and meaningless squabbles until it has no power to damage the common enemy? With half the number of churches in many parts of this country, we might double our power. There are a plenty of places where there is a puny and starving church for every five hundred to eight hundred inhabitants, and where the effort seems to be not to redeem and lift up the lives of the people, but to make sure that one's own petty denomination is represented without regard to moral or religious consequences.

Many isolated voices and movements indicate a healthy growth of sympathy and co-operation. We note with special interest the union meetings of the young people of the Universalist and Unitarian denominations so successfully held in Boston during the last winter.

IV. As supplementing the work of church organization and church building, your Council would recommend the forming of Unity Circles as widely as possible in places not yet ready for a regular church. Many of our churches have sprung from the reading of some of our books or sermons. They have grown healthily and naturally from a scattered seed or a planted root, instead of being artificially set out in a soil poorly prepared for them.

In almost any town of five hundred people or more one of these circles might be formed. It might hold regular Sunday meetings; it might form a loan library of our most helpful books; and it might be visited and encouraged occasionally by some neighboring minister. Then, when strong enough, it might take on the proportions of a church, and secrete itself a shell as other healthy and growing crustaceans do. If our churches grew this way more frequently, we should not so often find ourselves the custodians of empty shells with no living inhabitant inside.

V. One other matter your Council regards as of prime importance. We have partially succeeded in our preliminary steps toward putting the *Christian Register* in a position to do its best work for our denominational interests. It is hoped that this matter will soon be completed. We must now face the question as to whether the *New World* is to live or die. Its death would be nothing less than a calamity, not alone to us as Unitarians, but to the cause of free and rational scholarship. It is the best thing of its kind in the world to-day. It is a matter for just and healthy denominational pride. It appeals to us also in connection with our love for one of our dearest and noblest men, Prof. C. C. Everett. We ought to make it a living monument to him and his work. By the connection with it of one of the finest Universalist scholars in the country (Dr. Orello Cone), it is a bond of noble sympathy between the two denominations. These men, along with Prof. Gilman, have done grand work for little or no pay; and it ought to touch our sense of honor to see to it that their labor shall not even seem to have been in vain.

The weakness of its appeal lies in the very strength and fineness of the work. It is not popular; and what is not popular stands small chance of winning dollars to its side. It is too high for popular appreciation. But the mountain peaks of the world are high. They are cold and lonely in their isolation. And yet these lofty and lonely summits are the sources of the fertility and beauty of

the valleys. From them run down the streams that water all the lowlands; and, after a little, they become the broad and powerful rivers which bear on their bosoms the commerce of the world. It is, too, these streams, whose sources are the far-off hills, which turn the world's mills and generate its electric power. Looked at wisely, then, nothing is more intensely practical than these fine and lonely studies of the great minds. They filter down through and fertilize the minds of the thousands of practical workers in all our hundreds of parishes. So the men who sit in the pews, and even the thousands of those who do not go to church at all, do reap the practical results of these quiet studies, although they may never know the origin of the good they have received.

Let us, then, do our utmost to put this great review in such a financial position that it may continue the work which has placed it in the front rank of the esteem of the scholarly world.

VI. Still one thing more. In former days many difficulties sprung up in connection with differences of opinion between the church organization and the parish. Perhaps partly as the result of this, and partly because joining the church was taken as a profession of superior goodness over other people, the church organization has fallen into disfavor. In many places there is no church, as such, but only a society. Your Council considers this a serious and grave mistake.

If joining the church is not made conditional on any statement of intellectual belief, if it is not made to imply a claim to be specially good, if it is understood to be only the expression of a purpose and pledge to help on the work for which the church stands, then there is no reason why any man or woman who does want to help, and get help, should not become a member.

There certainly ought to be a membership pledge as close as that which exists in a club. People ought formally to join, and they ought formally to withdraw, if they leave at all. In moving to other places, they ought to take letters and continue their great life-work wherever they go. They ought to constitute a body of helpers, united and at the call of the minister, the leader, for anything which needs to be done. Now in most cases they are formally pledged to nothing, and they have little sense of responsibility to which their leader can appeal. With no bond but whim, or feeling, or liking for a particular preacher, what wonder that a large society sometimes fades out, and leaves little to speak for its existence?

When the church is thus organized and a sense of responsibility has been cultivated, then systematic work ought to be done in educating and training the children and young people. It is astonishing to note the fatuity and carelessness of many fathers and mothers in this matter. If it happens to be convenient, too often they will send their children to any Sunday-school, with no apparent thought or care as to what they are taught. It would seem as reasonable to have children taught false geography or absurd arithmetic as to have them brought up to believe what is false in morals or religion. As reasonable? Much more; for on these matters no such great and serious interests hang.

Then, besides the Sunday-school, there ought to be confirmation classes—the thing, called by whatever name—of young people in all our churches. The minister should teach them the essentials of our faith, and so fit them for active and convinced membership in our working organizations. If left to drift, is it any wonder that they drift away from us, and into any society where personal or social or business interests lead the way?

And now, in conclusion, your Council would end where it began. The world was never so ready for our word and our work. The stars in their courses fight for us. Our organization exists for our thought and our life. Let us rejoice, then, if the thought and the life advance, gain ground, and conquer, even though, for special reasons and at present, our labelled organizations gain slowly. The outward and apparent success we may not be able to command at will. One thing we can do: we can deserve success. We can be true and faithful. We can utter our word, bear our testimony. We can stand in our place with good courage and a great hope. We can give of time and money and effort. Then, when the victory comes, as come it must, we can be glad that we, too, belonged to the army of God.

EDITORIAL.

National Conference. The seventeenth meeting of the National Conference of Unitarian Churches was held at Saratoga from September 20 to 23. It was a Conference of great themes, profound spiritual inspiration, and quiet, earnest, definite and harmonious work. The opening sermon by Reed Stuart was a sublime flight of spiritual apprehension. It led the soul along the material, physical, and intellectual ascent till it faced the great window looking over toward the East. There all measurements and small reckonings cease, and in the vastness the human soul finds itself alone with God. This sermon opened the hearts and minds of all who heard it to the wider vision, the broader thought, the better way, and sent abroad a thrill of spiritual power which influenced the events of the week.

Senator Hoar, the president of the Conference, set the activities going by a brilliant opening address, in which he urged the development of a zeal comparable to that of churches which were nourished by far less inspiring faith. He cited the case of sixteen orthodox churches in one county that contributed to their missionary organizations each year more than all the four hundred Unitarian churches contributed to the American Unitarian Association.

The opening report of the Council was presented by Minot J. Savage, and was the most stirring, vigorous, and thoroughly practical address ever issued by any Council of the Conference. It should be read in its completeness, if possible, from every pulpit in our denomination; and we trust our ministers will take the hint, and utilize this splendid word to the churches from the chairman of the National Council.

Are Universalists Unitarians? Quite a lively discussion is afoot over the nice definitions of sect that separate certain good people into the two denominations known as Universalist and Unitarian. Some say, "There are no differences of faith, of purpose, or form of government between these two bodies: why not unite?" Others say, "The differences are radical, permanent, and vital: there can be no possibility of union."

Some cite various utterances of leaders, and claim the difference is in the attitude of thought in each denomination.

Others declare there are vital differences in the emotional regard of each toward Jesus Christ. Others assert that fixed associations, the established organization and administration of funds, would alone prevent a union. Nobody can solve all these problematic difficulties and differences.

In the abstract, union is almost always a tendency to be welcomed; and sometimes the very difficulties may bring it about, just as it is said that "God often waits till something is impossible before he does it." But that which appeals to us as remarkable is that the parties to the discussion are evidently postponing the event which all would desire, were it attainable. This prodigious gravity over minute details elevates ruts—which a smart turn might avoid—into mountain ridges, insurmountable. A little kindly humor might leaven the lump of formal denominationalism till it rose above its differences, and found union in the higher Spirit.

No single denomination is a whole unit. We are all fractions, and the very word "denomination" might remind us that it signifies only the "kind of parts into which the unit is divided."

B. Fay Mills. A great deal of interest very naturally attaches to the announcement that the well-known evangelist and revivalist, B. Fay Mills, is to preach during the coming winter in Boston Music Hall, at the invitation and under the auspices of Unitarian laymen and clergy. Mr. Mills does not state that he intends to proclaim the Unitarian gospel or that he is to sever his connection with the orthodox church. The situation is therefore somewhat vague, and curiosity is aroused.

The matter, however, hardly seems to need explanation. It is the result, apparently, of evolution. Mr. Mills has eaten his fill of the leaves upon the tree of life, and is

going into the pupa stage of his development: he is to be for a time "undenominational." It will not be possible to say he is still the vigorous, lively, travelling "grub" he has been, nor that he is yet the beautiful "imago" toward which he is doubtless maturing. In this state he "will not dogmatize"; but, as he has frankly confessed that the inward tendency he feels is all in the direction of "the religion of Jesus as summed up in love to God and man," which is the platform of the Unitarian National Conference, it is to be expected that Mr. Mills will in time put off the "distinctly undenominational wrappings" of the cocoon period, and spread the wings of his perfected being under the bright sunshine of a satisfying and positive religious philosophy such as Unitarians profess.

"The Outlook" Confused.

WHEN the *Christian Union* changed its title to that of the *Outlook*, many readers anxiously hoped that the new name would be significant, and that a clear vision, definite and sharp, would henceforth characterize its religious utterances. That expectation, however, has hardly been justified. We cannot imagine that the *Outlook* is not familiar with the deep spiritual emotion with which Unitarians adopted their platform at Saratoga in 1894; and yet, in a recent editorial referring to the indorsement of that platform by Evangelist Mills, we read that that platform is only the cold statement of a law, and lacks the very quality essential to the message which Christ delivered, that of "power." Indeed, we find in this editorial the first denial we have seen put forth anywhere that the religion of Jesus is summed up in love to God and man.

The *Outlook* says: "We understand that more fundamental than either [love to God or love to man] is Christ's message that God loves us. Our understanding of the message is that it is the proclamation of the fact historically attested by the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, that we can summon to our aid a power not otherwise possessed by us." We would not for a moment attempt to say what the *Outlook* means by the above, which to us is a most extraordinary statement; but it is followed by the declaration that "the real issue in the Christian Church of our time is between those who regard the gospel as a law summed up in love to God and love to man and those who regard it as the proclamation of a new power." To us this statement is a source of sorrow as well as aggravation. It is pitiably confused, but it appears to set Unitarianism and Orthodoxy upon exactly the wrong platforms. If any word in any language could be found to imply living *power* rather than dead law, it is the word chosen as the keystone of our platform,—love. And, surely, no expression of human ingenuity could devise a better statement of the unvital *law* which the *Outlook* charges Unitarians with adopting than the orthodox creeds.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

[These selections are from the pamphlet "The Golden Rule," by Charles F. Dole. Published by the Chautauqua Press, Meadville, Penn.]

Sunday.

It is often hastily assumed that nature is wholly against the Golden Rule. Selfishness, it is said, drives the wheels of the world. This is to leave out of sight an immense and impressive series of facts. It would be truer to say that the world is a vast parable of some deep law of co-operation. You see it at work in every crystal, you see it in the frost-work of your window-pane. You see it in binding birds together in flocks, cattle in herds, bees in hives. You see it in its culmination in man. There is that, even in his animal nature, which binds him in social relations with his fellows. His better nature finds abiding contentment nowhere more than in friendly service. Jesus was the forerunner of a long line of those who have not only lived the good life, but have lived it with serene gladness.

Monday.

It is hard enough to imagine that Jesus would ever have accepted as one of his friends—that is, as a Christian—a person who broke the Golden Rule toward outsiders, toward heathen, toward heretical Samaritans, much less who made his living by breaking it. But it is quite impossible to think of Jesus as admitting those to be Christians at all who break the Golden Rule toward their fellow-Christians. "What!" we

hear him say: "do you call yourselves by my name, and yet dare to injure or cheat my friends, your own brothers and sisters? You have missed, then, the one idea for which I gave my life."

Tuesday.

So far is the Golden Rule from being impracticable in the realm of the home that nothing else will serve to hold a home together. Where selfishness is, where self-indulgence pushes to the front, where there is scrambling and quarrelling, in that hour or day when the Golden Rule lapses, the home is spoiled. The home begins as soon as a single life in the family group gives itself in love for the welfare of the others. The home is a success, a joy to enter, and a place of rest to stay in, where all the members down to the young children breathe the atmosphere of thoughtful helpfulness.

Wednesday.

All the men and women who have ever done memorable things, or lived the noble lives whose memories we are proud to inherit, have taken ventures for truth, justice, liberty, love, humanity. Our religion itself is such a glorious venture. You can make no demonstration of its truth in advance that will satisfy a coward or an egotist. It rests, indeed, on great and ever-increasingly obvious facts of the moral universe. To the trained engineer's eye its conclusions are irresistible. But to each individual the entrance upon it remains an act of faith. To do merely what is safe, what pays, what gives immediate satisfaction, requires no faith nor courage nor even intelligence. To do the new and higher thing, the lines of which run into the infinite distance, is ever the call of religion. Faith predicts that it will be well, but the man has to wait to see. This is the condition of his finiteness. It is only at his highest moments, bought by obedience to the heavenly visions, that he catches glimpses of the eternal certitudes.

Thursday.

The truth is that real life is in the activity of every part and function that makes the whole man. It is as though a stream of divine health were coursing through one: the nerves tingle with zest; the mind is quick; the heart is warm; faith treads its brave ventures with firm foot. The man is at his full height when, like Jesus, body and mind give themselves with free abandon to carry the message and do the service of love. The life of Jesus was large, rich, full. Who saw more of the beauty of this world? Who rejoiced more in the love of his friends? Who had a more joyous hope to buoy up his heart, that all would be well? Who in his time was better educated than this carpenter's son, who saw the deeper though quite simple meanings of existence? If the Golden Rule worked his death a little earlier than Herod's or Pilate's, it first gave him the sweetest enjoyment of life that man had ever possessed.

Friday.

Jesus' faith was in the Golden Rule, that it would work; that whoever would trust it, the eternal love would support. Jesus sealed this intensely practical faith with his life and his death. Those who looked on cried out: "We told you so. The Golden Rule is brought to naught." On the contrary, Jesus' death proved to usher in the dawn of a new era of human progress. We have henceforward the key to understand history. All history is the constant march of the forces that bring the Golden Rule to triumph, the defeat of every short-lived scheme, policy, industrial system, or political government that thwarts the growing good of man.

Saturday.

How can we believe in God unless we keep the chief law of his kingdom? The Great Engineer shows us the plan of the bridge that binds earth and heaven together. He lays down the law of the bridge. He trusts the weight of his life to it. Shall we dare to call ourselves Christians, and not do the same?

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

An important change has been made in the current lessons published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, "Beacon Lights of Christian History." In compliance with the wishes of many Sunday-schools lessons for the Primary grade will be prepared, thus making the present series uniform with the courses of the past four years. The October lessons are now ready. They are in three grades,—Primary, Intermediate (both illustrated in each lesson), and the Advanced. Every leaflet is of four pages, giving ample matter for the teachers. The subjects are as follows: Primary: "The Catacombs," "The Good Shepherd," "Antony, the Hermit," "Saint Radegunda," and "The First Christian Emperor." Intermediate and Advanced: "Church in the Catacombs," "Spirit of First Believers," "The Hermits: Saint

Antony," "The Ascetic Spirit," and "Constantine, the Great." The Primary and Intermediate grades are prepared by Rev. Edward A. Horton, and the advanced by Rev. Albert Walkley. Price 75 cents a hundred leaflets, each grade.

Although the current lessons on the "Beacon Lights" are widely used, yet there is a large demand for other publications, as is shown by the fact that the Unitarian Sunday School Society has just printed new editions of the "Teaching of Jesus, Intermediate," and the "Teaching of Jesus, Primary," also the "Beginning of Christianity, Advanced"; and, although the "Story of Israel" has just been issued in bound form, a second edition has been called for of the Intermediate grade.

My attention has been called to one or two statements made by me in the August and September numbers of the *Unitarian*, which certainly need correction. I refer to a paragraph descriptive of the new lessons, "Beacon Lights," in which I state that "there is nothing so far published which treats Christian history in any fulness for purposes of study in Sunday schools except the book by Dr. Allen, 'Outlines of Christian History.'" I should have mentioned Rev. J. H. Crooker's scholarly lessons, published by the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, entitled "The Growth of Christianity," had they been available in book form. I am not in the custom of referring teachers and students to publications in leaflet form, even of our own publishing. Mr. Crooker's lessons were not published in book form at the time the August paragraph was written, and I have not been able to obtain a copy yet from the Western headquarters. I am very glad to call attention to Mr. Crooker's careful work, which has been supplemented by Mr. Gannett's questions. As soon as I obtain a copy of Mr. Crooker's manual, I will give a more extended notice of it in this department, and shall be very glad to use it among the references in the current leaflet lessons on "Beacon Lights." Both Mr. Crooker's book and Dr. Allen's are intended for Advanced classes, and will also serve as an outline basis for guides to teachers in the Intermediate and Primary grades.

The other statement referred to was contained in the September *Unitarian*, under the appeal of the Unitarian Sunday School Society for annual contributions. I mentioned nine reasons for giving, and started in with the first one, that the Unitarian Sunday School Society had gone on faithfully for over sixty years. The next reason I gave was that it stood for the "moral and religious instruction of the young"; and, unfortunately, my mind was centred on the expression which occurs in our charter and by-laws where that phrase is used. There is no other organization in our denomination which contains such a declaration in its charter. But that was not sufficient reason for my saying what I did, that "it is the only organization in our denomination" which stands for this object. It has been suggested to me that I must have had some ulterior meaning or motive in such a statement. I had no thought whatever of ignoring the Western Sunday School Society, and should be one of the last to indulge in such unfriendly language. It was a pure and simple accident of expression, and I had not the slightest thought of how the sentence sounded until it was quoted to me by a Western friend within a few weeks. I have a decided admiration for the work of the Western Sunday School Society, and for its efficient president, Rev. Allen W. Gould. This testimony I have given so frequently in public and private, in print and in speech, that I hardly think it necessary to repeat it here. The Western Unitarian Sunday School Society is decidedly a part of our denomination, and a very valuable part. It also stands for the moral and religious education of the young. I regret that this apparent injustice occurred; but the actual fact is so strongly in contrast with the statement that I cannot see how any harm could result, even if I had not made this acknowledgment.

The Channing Hall "Talks" will probably be resumed on Saturday afternoon, October 2, at 2.30 o'clock. The subject will be the current leaflet lessons on "Beacon Lights of Christian History," and the lecturer will be Rev. Albert Walkley. All Sunday-school workers are welcome. The "Talks" will be given fortnightly. These current lessons fall into couplets, so that a fortnightly treatment will be thoroughly adequate. Besides, individuals may be able to attend more constantly if they are not required to be on hand every week.

The annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society will be held Wednesday evening, October 27, and Thursday, the 28th. The place of meeting will be announced in the *Register* and through other channels. At the time of writing these "Notes" (and I am doing it before the Saratoga Conference, in order to meet the needs of the printer) I am not able to tell where we shall meet. A valuable programme has been prepared, and full announcements will be made to the Sunday-schools and the public in due season.

I am glad to call attention to *Old and New*, published monthly at Chicago by our Western friends, containing a great deal of church news. But I make mention especially at this time of the publication which is edited by Rev. Allen W. Gould, because it

contains a great deal of matter related to Sunday-school instruction. Lessons for class work will appear in its pages during the current year on "Mother Nature's Helpers," by Mr. Gould; on "Every-day Religion, or Studies in Good Citizenship," by Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane; also "Unity Bible Studies," by Rev. Florence Buck, on the Old Testament. It will thus be seen that *Old and New* is quite a helper for Sunday-school teachers. The publication office is 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago. Price for a year's subscription, 50 cents; single copy 5 cents. EDWARD A. HORTON.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.

Truth. Worship. Service.

[Headquarters, Room 11, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.]

The meeting at Saratoga Conference in the interests of our "young people," Sunday School and Religious Union, was presided over by Rev. Edward A. Horton, who spoke most earnestly of the great possibilities in these lines. Rev. Thomas Van Ness gave an eloquent plea for the work of the Union, showing the need for a rational religion, a closer union with God, and a life of self-sacrifice. Rev. J. M. Pullman, D.D., also emphasized the might of the young, which was a surprise even to the most earnest. We have here a great power to lift the world. The rally hymns, as ever, were sung with spirit. From all sections of the country were expressed surprise that so much had been done in the Union, and the positive conviction that this movement was the one which promised greatest hope for the future growth and progress of the Unitarian faith. New unions joined us, and many others are promised.

The following summary gives in brief much of interest regarding the Y. P. R. U.:—

Union organized May, 1896. Branches now enrolled, 100 (representing nearly one-third of the active churches of the denomination); total membership, 3,500; average, 35; largest, 100.

The National Union has been represented on twenty local conference programmes; at the Western Conference, Chicago; Pacific Unitarian Conference, Portland, Ore.; at two summer sessions at the Weirs, N.H., and one at the Isles of Shoals.

It has held forty local rallies, one New England rally, and one union rally in Boston with the Universalist Christian Union.

It sent Rev. J. T. Sunderland as fraternal delegate to the Universalist Christian Union National Convention.

It has distributed over six thousand leaflets, topic cards, and aids.

It furnishes regularly a column for the *Christian Register*, the *Unitarian*, *Old and New*, and the *Pacific Unitarian*.

Local unions have held lay service, in pastorless churches, raised funds for church and missionary purposes, been active in all charities, stimulated the religious life of the individual and of the church. Not one union has withdrawn from the work.

We need your help. A little time and a reasonable amount of money will utilize in all our parishes, even where "the situation is peculiar," this mighty, unused power of our young people in the enginery of spiritual life.

BOOKS.

Without Prejudice. By I. Zangwill. New York: The Century Company.—This title was used by Mr. Zangwill for several years over his varied contributions to the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Presumably, its intention is to convey the idea that the miscellaneous essays gathered beneath it are written in the spirit of happy good fellowship, as indicated by the unique dedication "To You." But to any one familiar with the author's irresistible convictions the idea of his writing anything without prejudice is as funny as the suggestion that Mr. Labouchere should be made Governor of Crete. Not one person would be fascinated, as every one must be, with this volume if it were expurgated of all the odd, brilliant, intuitive prejudice, which is the very sign manual of Mr. Zangwill's literary work. "God created the world to give the literary man something to write about" is Mr. Zangwill's creed; and, surely, he has tried to perform his whole duty thereby. Nothing known to exist has escaped the hall-mark of his ink. Even this compact volume alone disposes of ethics, love, fame, marriage, and death, with all the world's innumerable philosophies and most of its sins. Any page furnishes brilliant amusement. The trail of the I, which in this case is the I. Z., is over every sentence; and the reader certainly would not have it otherwise, for this is a book that should be read without prejudice.

Rev. George H. Young of Lawrence, Mass., is giving a most instructive course of lectures on "Religious Leaders,"—Jonathan Edwards, "Orthodox"; Francis Wayland, Baptist; Cardinal Newman, Catholic; Phillips Brooks, Episcopal. Mr. Young will arrange to deliver this course for Alliance Branches or other organizations in a way to assist such societies in raising funds.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE TALK OF THE WORLD.

"I should like," said the vase from the china store,
"To have seen the world a little more.
When they carried me here, I was wrapt up tight.
But they said it is really a lovely sight."

"Yes," said a little plaster bird,
"That is exactly what I have heard:
There are thousands of trees; and, oh, what a sight
It must be when the candles are all alight!"

The fat top rolled on his other side.
"It is not in the least like that," he cried.
"Except myself and the kite and ball,
None of you know of the world at all.

"There are houses and pavements hard and red,
And everything spins around," he said:
"Sometimes it goes slowly, and sometimes fast;
And often it stops with a bump at last."

The wooden donkey nodded his head.
"I had heard the world was like that," he said.
The kite and the ball exchanged a smile;
But they did not speak,—it was not worth while,

A CAT THAT CAN READ.

"I have a cat," said a lady to me the other day, "that knows when a letter comes to her."

"A letter!" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, a letter; and, if you don't believe it, I will prove it to you. Just wait a minute until I direct one."

My friend left the room, and in a few minutes returned with a sealed envelope, addressed to Miss Pussy, No. — Marlboro Street, City.

"Now," said she, "if you will kindly post that for me to-night and be here when the postman comes around on his first delivery to-morrow morning, you will see that I am telling you facts."

I mailed the letter as she asked, and was at my friend's home promptly the next morning.

Soon the bell rang, and shortly afterward the servant entered with a bundle of letters, among which was that for Miss Pussy.

Placing them near the cat on the floor my friend said, "Now, Miss Pussy, pick out your letter."

Sure enough, Pussy at once showed an interest, and in a moment had pushed aside with her paw the envelope addressed to her.

I was almost too surprised to speak, when my friend said:—

"Wait a moment. She'll open it, and eat up all that is in the envelope."

Scarcely had she said this when Miss Pussy had torn the envelope open, and was enjoying her letter very much. The envelope was filled with catnip.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

In old English the buttercup was known as the "button-cop," which means simply "button-head," in allusion to the round, button-shaped flowers. The word "cop" meant head in old English; but it has now been superseded by cup, and the old meaning has been wholly lost. Button gradually degenerated into butter, until every one now says "buttercup." This is a peculiar instance in which the common name of a plant suggests its own origin, but suggests it falsely. The buttercup was once known as "gold-cop," or "gold-head," and "king-cop," names which are still preserved in "gold-cup" and "king-cup."—*The Ladies' World.*

An exhibition of mice! This remarkable show is open at Stratford-by-Bow, and is the third annual collection of the kind. It is organized by the National Mouse Club. The one hundred and seventy exhibits are not the impudent little plunderers of domestic stores. Their coats of many colors range from white to black, with cream, fawn, silver-gray, tortoise, chocolate, and piebald between. To the best of these aristocrats a fifteen-guinea challenge cup has been awarded, to say nothing of minor prizes. The usual foe had better beware of approaching them, guarded as they are by traps able to hold either cat or dog. Dwelling in many and in some cases distant parts of the country, the owners include a large number of young ladies and one or two clergymen.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

It will be seen by reference to the cover that we are keeping an *index* to every item of news from our churches. At the end of each year that index is given to every subscriber, so that references to what has taken place in any society can easily be made.

Has your church an item of news in this number of the *Unitarian?* We should be glad to have you represented, and will gladly publish every month any announcements, notices, or news which you will send us. The *Unitarian* is a parish paper, and its interest is in every parish.

Brooklyn, N.Y.— First Church: The church and chapel reopened on September 12, the minister, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, preaching in the morning, and the assistant minister, Rev. Walter A. Taylor, in the evening. The summer work of the parish has been well sustained. Rev. L. A. Harvey has had charge; and, besides maintaining the regular Sunday services at the chapel, he has conducted a children's service every Sunday, which has served to keep the Sunday-school together, and which has been much enjoyed. The men's club and the mothers' meeting have kept up their meetings, though with diminished attendance. Forty-two children of the chapel Sunday-school have been sent, through the co-operation of the Fresh Air Fund, for two weeks' stay in the country, the first party going on July 15, and the last on August 14. Three hundred tickets for barge excursions down the harbor have been furnished to mothers with little children; and several sick babies, with their mothers, have been refreshed by a stay at the Seaside Home of the Children's Aid Society. The Summer Home for Children maintained by the church at Bayonne, N.J., has been open from June 21 to September 1, in charge of the chapel kindergartners, Miss Harrington and Miss Coon. There forty of the little children of the chapel neighborhood have found a happy home; and there the tired mothers, or some of the older children, have been able often to come to spend the day and enjoy the quiet and the coolness and the pleasant company. The cost of maintaining the home for the season has been $540. These summer charities commend themselves more and more to the generous people of this parish, and it would be well if more of our churches could find like satisfaction in good work.

Concord, N.H.—Regular services at the Unitarian church were resumed Sunday morning, September 12. A large audience was present; and the sermon was by our minister, Rev. Frank L. Phalen. Mr. Phalen has spent the summer with his family on the shores of Lake Sunapee, and returns much improved in health.

Connecticut Valley Conference.—The annual meeting of the Unitarian-Congregational and Other Christian Churches will be held in the Church of the Unity, Springfield, Mass., on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 5 and 6. On Tuesday evening, at 7.30, the sermon to the conference will be preached by Rev. Daniel Merriman, D.D., of Worcester, Mass. On Wednesday morning the conference will assemble for the transaction of business at 9.45. Beginning at 10.30 A.M. there will be a young people's rally, in the interests of the Young People's Religious Union. This meeting will be conducted by Rev. Edward Augustus Horton of Boston, who will deliver the opening address. He will be followed by Mrs. Mary P. Wells Smith of Greenfield, Mass., who will consider the question "What can the Young People do for the Church?" and Miss Edith Callender of Northfield, Mass., who will present an essay on "Our Young People's Work in Village Life." The conference will adjourn for lunch at 12.30 P.M. At 2 P.M. the conference will reassemble, and addresses will be delivered as follows: (*a*) "The Positive Emphasis in Religion," Rev. Loren B. Macdonald of Concord; (*b*) "The Obligations of a Free Church," Rev. John D. Reid of Greenfield; (*c*) "The Demand for a Free Church," Rev. W. W. Peck of Chicopee.

Detroit, Mich.—The First Unitarian Church in Detroit was opened for service after the long summer vacation September 5. Rev. Reed Stuart, the pastor, preached on that occasion. The large congregation assembled gave him a cordial welcome. Mr. Stuart returns to his parish work after his summer vacation greatly improved in health. This society, which is free from debt, starts on its work for the new church year under the most favorable auspices. The Sunday-school has for superintendent Hon. Thomas W. Palmer, the president of the late Columbian Exposition in Chicago. He is aided in his work by Dr. Ives as assistant superintendent. The Charity Club of this parish is doing noble, efficient work

under the leadership of Miss Mary Cook. The Women's Alliance, under the management of Mrs. Hatch and Mrs. Ballou, is doing very effective work. The ladies of this society are very active and earnest. The Unity Club of this church holds its meetings Friday evenings of each week. The membership is large. The enthusiasm of its members and the excellent papers presented draw to this club many cultured people, members of the orthodox churches of the city. The Ladies' Union is a society composed of the women of the parish, their special mission the social life of the church. They are a great aid to the pastor in the parish work. Mrs. Stuart, wife of the pastor, is the president of this organization.

Mr. Stuart is doing an admirable service in the community by liberalizing religious thought, bringing together many who have formerly looked upon Unitarianism as a dangerous doctrine.

Fargo, No. Dak.—William Ballou, the minister of the First Unitarian Society, has resigned, his purpose being to go to Cambridge to study. The society has refused to accept the resignation, and tendered a leave of absence.

Francestown, N.H.—"The friends of the Unitarian society will be gratified to know," writes a correspondent, "that the pastor, Rev. W. F. Place, after a long and critical illness, is now occupying his pulpit with almost fully recovered strength. How much he and his wife are appreciated was shown the other evening by a surprise party in celebration of the twentieth anniversary of their marriage. The parsonage was filled, and it was pleasant to see among their friends the pastor and many neighbors of the orthodox church. This little church shows a great deal of zeal and constancy. Perhaps it is in part because from the first it has been blessed with most excellent ministries. None of its pastors have been held in greater esteem than good Joseph Wassall, lately deceased at Windsor, Vt. He was a minister of finest qualities of mind and character. His genial and elevated tone of preaching was an enlightenment to the people; and his warm, cordial ways in his walks among them drew him very close to their hearts. And not less loved was his wife,—a gentle mother and a tender friend. Her sudden death at Salem, Mass., has just been announced; and I cannot express the sorrow that is felt by those who knew her sweet spirit, the deep goodness of her heart, and her ever active sympathies. The memory of this dear, good couple on their rounds of friendly visiting is a sweet and unfading picture. Thus in how many a quiet, inconspicuous nook bloom the purest souls, with all the fragrance of the most perfect ministries of love!"

Frankfort, Mich.—For the last three or four years Mr. Sunderland of Ann Arbor and Mr. Jennings of Toledo have preached here from time to time. Now a church has been organized. Those who were interested in the movement met on Monday, August 23, at the residence of D. B. Butler, adopted a constitution, and elected officers. The character of this new church may be inferred from the bond of union and membership pledge, which reads as follows: "In the freedom of the truth and the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man." "God being my Helper, I will earnestly and faithfully strive to live my life in the spirit of Jesus Christ, and, renouncing error, will seek ever the truth, and do all that in me lies to make the world better and happier." The constitution provides that no other test of membership shall be required than this pledge. The new church will be known as the Church of Our Father, and, through its officers and members, extends an invitation to all to join with them in promoting the influence of a rational religion and endeavoring to exalt the moral and spiritual tone of life and society. Services will be held as often as arrangements can be made with desirable preachers of the liberal faith; and it is confidently expected that a permanent pastor will be secured before long. Mr. Whittle has kindly offered the use of his opera house for temporary quarters. The organization of a Sunday-school is contemplated at the earliest favorable moment. The officers chosen are D. B. Butler, president; Mrs. Julius C. Ward, clerk; Julius C. Ward, treasurer; Thomas Whittle and A. B. Harmon, pastor's assistants; and Henry T. Smith and Mrs. L. E. Averill, trustees.

Greeley, Col.—Rev. Victor E. Southworth is preaching to growing congregations in Unity Church. "The Perfect Life" and "The Possibilities of Friendship" were recent sermon topics. Mr. Southworth is forming a study class in connection with the Cosmopolitan University plan.

Khasi Hills, India.—American friends of the Unitarian Mission in the Khasi Hills will be glad to learn that the terrible earthquake which wrought such destruction in North-eastern India on June 12, and was particularly severe in the Khasi Hills, caused the loss of only one life among the members of our little Unitarian congregations. One Unitarian was killed, who lived in the village of Shellapunji. This village was situated on the steep slope of a hill. The earthquake precipitated the whole village down the declivity into the river below, causing the loss of two hun-

dred and fifty lives. There was much loss of life in many other places, but the members of our societies escaped to a remarkable extent. Mr. Kissor Singh writes: "At 5.10 P.M. a violent shock, or, rather, succession of shocks, with terribly rumbling sound, was experienced. The direction seemed to be from south-west to north-east (from sea to land). We all escaped as quickly as possible from our houses. We could not stand, the shocks were so violent. As soon as the violence had subsided, I left my family, and went out to see the neighborhood and find if any needed help. I saw ruins everywhere: the fort, the police station, the barracks, the school-house, the residence of the Welsh Methodist missionary, and other buildings were levelled to the ground; and all masonry houses which did not come down altogether had cracks and wide fissures in the walls. The government building, in which was our office, was no exception, expect that it was not thrown wholly down. The shocks continued four or five minutes, violently, then died away, though recurring at intervals with less violence through the night and all the next day. Indeed, we have had slight shocks every day up to the present date (July 16). Fortunately, our Jowai Unitarian church, not being built of masonry, still stands; though there is much damage to the plaster. The next day after the disaster was Sunday. We had service, as usual, in our church. Near the close of the meeting a very severe shock came, and everybody rushed outdoors. But, when it was over, we returned, and closed by singing 'Nearer, my God, to thee,' and the benediction. I sent a messenger to the different villages where we have Unitarian brethren to learn their condition. We feel that we have been greatly favored. Though there is much destruction of property among us and some suffering (besides the one death), yet we have not suffered so much as some others."

Montclair, N.J.—The meeting to formally organize Unity Church, Montclair, will take place October 6. The outlook is very encouraging; and progress is being made on the building in which the place of meeting, Unity Hall, is to be located. The earnest courage shown by those who are organizing this new Unitarian society deserves all the co-operation of thought, presence, and help, that may be shown toward them by Unitarians elsewhere.

Montpelier, Vt.—*Church of the Messiah:* Rev. J. Edward Wright has completed his vacation, and again regularly occupies the pulpit. The sessions of the Sunday-school were resumed on Sunday, September 5, after a vacation of one month. The infant class of the Sunday-school was invited to the residence of Rev. and Mrs. J. Edward Wright on September 4, and passed an enjoyable afternoon on their spacious grounds. Fred L. Lawrence, the new director of the musical department of Montpelier Seminary, has been engaged as organist at the Church of the Messiah for the coming year. Mr. Lawrence has studied with some of the best instructors in this country and in Germany, and is an organist of unusual ability. Frederick W. Bancroft, former leader of the choir, who has sung at the Church of the Messiah during his vacation this summer, has gone back to Boston to resume his engagement as tenor in a church choir in Cambridge.

North Middlesex Congregational Conference.—The fall session of the North Middlesex Congregational Conference will be held with the First Parish of Westford, Rev. Louis H. Buckshorn, minister, on Wednesday, October 6. The minister and congregation of the First Parish extend full hospitality to the conference, and the beauty of Westford in early October is unsurpassed.

Plymouth and Bay Conference.—The First Church in Pembroke, Rev. John W. Barker, pastor, invites the members of the conference to hold their autumn meeting in that place Wednesday, October 6. Rev. John P. Forbes of Taunton will give the morning address on "Denominational Loyalty." Programme: 10 A.M., devotional meeting, led by Rev. C. H. Porter of Hingham; 10.30 A.M., business meeting; 11 A.M., address by Rev. Mr. Forbes; discussion led by Rev. J. W. Barker of Pembroke and Rev. J. W. Quinby of East Bridgewater; conference collection; 1 P.M., collation; 2 P.M., address by Rev. George Batchelor, secretary of the American Unitarian Association; 2.30 P.M., address by Mrs. Charles P. Lombard on behalf of the Women's Alliance; 3 P.M., address by Rev. A. P. Reccord of Cambridge on behalf of the Young People's Religious Union. Those coming to the conference by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad will purchase tickets for Hanover, where stages will be in waiting. Those on the main line—Plymouth, Kingston, etc.— will purchase tickets for South Hanson, where barges will also be in waiting. Trains leave Boston for Hanover at 8.45 and 12.45 A.M. Returning, leave Hanover at 4.15 P.M., South Hanson at 4.53 P.M. John W. Day, Secretary.

Salem, Mass.—The corner-stone of the new chapel for the First Church has been laid, and it is hoped that by Christmas the building may be ready for use. It will be a welcome addition to the convenience of the parish, enabling young and old to carry on the work of the church with renewed interest.

The vesper services of the North Church were so well attended and of so great a value last year that they will be continued this season at 4 P.M. on Sundays, beginning the first Sunday in November.

The union of the Barton Square and East Churches is practically made. The two congregations have met together at the East Church since September 5, and great interest is manifested in this new phase of our work in Salem.

It has been arranged that union services shall be held in the First Church on Sunday evenings in December and January, and in the East Church February and March.

The Sunday-schools of the three Salem churches will study "The Teachings of Jesus" this season and a Union Teachers' meeting will be held at the North Church on Saturdays at 4.30 P.M.

Springfield, Mass.—The Church of the Unity was closed for four Sundays during the summer, and reopened the first Sunday in September. The Sunday-school will take up the study of "Hebrew History and Literature" this year. Evening services continue through the year, beginning the first Sunday in October. A course of lectures on "Luther and his Fellow-reformers" will be given on the Sunday evenings of November by Mr. Gilman, the pastor. On Sunday, September 19, the pulpit was occupied by the pastor and Rev. A. W. Martin of Tacoma. Mr. Martin preached a very able sermon, which quickened the thought and stirred the feelings of all present. In the Sunday-school, kindergarten instruction has been introduced among the smaller children. The Women's Alliance has prepared its programme for the coming winter, and has every prospect of a successful season. The Post-office Mission received a legacy of $200 at the death of Miss Angelina Stebbins, who sympathized warmly with its faithful, untiring efforts.

Standish, Me.—The Church of the First Parish in Standish, Me., which has not been open for religious services for eight years, has been open every Sunday during August; and Rev. J. L. Marsh of Saco has preached to a goodly congregation that has gathered every week. This old church is one of the quaintest and most antique in New England, having the old, square box pews, with seats on three and sometimes four sides, all on hinges, and with high backs of unpainted pine. It has been good to see families come in and seek out the old family pew, and go into it and distribute themselves as in a room. Originally, there was a gallery around the church; but that room has been floored over from the gallery, and the upper story is now used as the high-school room. At one time the church building was the home of the "Standish Academy." Considerable interest was developed in these summer services, and another year the people are looking forward to having services for a much longer time.

Toledo, Ohio.— The Church of Our Father began its fall services Sunday, September 5. The pastor, Rev. A. G. Jennings, preached, taking for his subject "Lessons from the Bicycle." The subjects for the remaining Sundays in September are as follows: September 12, "What constitutes a Unitarian at the Present Time?" September 19, "An Outing in Chicago: The Hull House, or a Study in Sociology"; September 26, "What shall the Harvest be?"

Turner's Falls, Mass.—The Young People's Union of Turner's Falls held an all-day rally on Saturday, September 11. There were delegates from Deerfield, Northfield, Greenfield, Orange, and Bernardston. The weather was favorable. The attendance at each session was about seventy-five. This was the first thing of the kind that had been done in this neighborhood; and great credit must be given to the Turner's Falls young people for taking the initiative, especially as their union is but six months old. Mr. Bert Gilmore, the president of the Young People's Union of Turner's Falls, was the chairman of the occasion. The general subject of discussion was "Character." Interesting papers were read by Miss Callander of Northfield and Mr. Sherman of Bernardston. Mr. Hastings of Orange, and Rev. Mr. Solley of Deerfield, made spirited addresses. Special vocal music was provided by the Misses Gilmore and Fales, of Turner's Falls. The Hymn and Tune Books of the National Young People's Religious Union were used, and the singing and responses were heartily joined in. In the afternoon Miss Flora Hosmer of Turner's Falls read an admirable paper on "The Right Ring in Character"; and Rev. S. M. Hunter of Sheffield, Ill., spoke on "Building for the Future." At a business meeting immediately following, a committee of six was elected to formulate a plan of organization for a Neighborhood Union, to include the young people's societies then present, and any others in Franklin County willing to come in, and to report at the next rally, to be held in Bernardston next spring, by special invitation of the young people of the Bernardston society.

Vineyard Haven.—There are few more attractive summer houses of worship than the Stevens Memorial Chapel at Vineyard

Haven, so named in honor of the donor of the land on which it is situated, Rev. D. W. Stevens, who was the Unitarian missionary at the place for many years. The chapel is picturesquely located on a hill, about midway on the road from Vineyard Haven to West Chop.

Services have been held during the summer months. Throughout August, when the season for the summer visitor is at its height, many Unitarians, whose homes are in Philadelphia, Cambridge, Newton, Washington, Providence, Keene, New York, Manchester, and elsewhere, have sought the chapel for worship. Rev. L. Fletcher Snapp of Virginia, who has served at Littleton, N.H., and recently as assistant at King's Chapel, has been the minister in charge. Assisted by visitors and residents, among whom should be specially mentioned as full of zeal Capt. Gilbert Smith of Vineyard Haven, he has quickened a good degree of interest in the Unitarian cause. Rev. Charles B. Elder of Keene, N.H., who has spent his vacation at the place, has preached twice. Rev. C. T. Sempers, Rev. L. H. Buckshorn, and also Rev. Mr. Frost of the New Church have rendered most acceptable service. To raise money for the chapel, a lecture was given in Association Hall by Mr. Elder, entitled "A Glimpse of Holland," which was largely attended, and yielded $42. On another evening the young people gave an entertainment, consisting of music and tableaux, which yielded an amount nearly as large. It does not seem advisable to attempt preaching services at Vineyard Haven through the entire year; but there is every reason for sustaining and encouraging summer services. While our Methodist and Baptist brethren are holding their crowded services on the island, is it not the simple duty of the Unitarians who find summer homes at Vineyard Haven, Cottage City, and West Chop, to let their light shine just a bit?

Warwick, Mass.— Rev. Joseph M. Seaton of Ohio, whose ill-health has prevented him from taking charge of the Unitarian society as yet, hopes to be able to do so a little later. Rev. Margaret B. Barnard of Chelsea has most ably and faithfully ministered to us since the last Sunday in June, and will continue through September with the exception of the first Sunday.

West Buxton, Me.— At a parish meeting in May it was voted to discontinue the meetings through the summer months, as many of the young people were to be away, and it was found quite difficult to obtain a preacher through the summer vacations. The interest is still kept up, and we hope to have services in the hall to commence in October and continue through the winter. The need of a chapel is felt very much by the parish. In the *Unitarian* for April an appeal was made to all loyal Unitarians for aid to assist us in building a small chapel. The committee wish to thank those (through the *Unitarian*) who have so generously contributed to the fund. We hope in the spring to be able to build, but at present we can worship in the hall rather than be in debt for a chapel. We hope that some of the prosperous churches will aid us in our new movement to promote the liberal gospel and establish a church and a new field. All communications in regard to the matter from those interested should be addressed to Mrs. W. J. Briant or Hon. J. T. Warren, West Buxton, Me., members of the Parish Committee, who will acknowledge the same.

Wilton Centre, N.H.—Rev. John C. Mitchell, for eight years pastor of the two Unitarian churches of this place and of East Wilton, has resigned his charge, to take effect October 1, he having accepted a call to Lebanon, N.H. His resignation causes universal regret, as he is much beloved. Mr. Mitchell graduated at Yale, and was ordained an orthodox minister. He has progressed, as the result of his studies, into an up-to-date, wide-awake Unitarian. His sermons are the result of much study and research, and his hearers come away every time with something to remember and to think about. He has preached at East Wilton in the forenoon and at this place, two miles distant, in the afternoon. We hope that in the good providence of God the right man to take Mr. Mitchell's place here will soon present himself. At a meeting of the society here, called for the purpose on Wednesday, 16th ult., his resignation was accepted; and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, Rev. John C. Mitchell, pastor of the First Unitarian Congregational Church of Wilton Centre, has resigned his pastorate, therefore be it

Resolved, That we accept his resignation with great reluctance and sorrow. He has been with us eight years, showing sympathy and giving us help in our troubles and sharing with gladness in our joys, and by his abilities, studious labor, and good fellowship has won our respect and esteem. We wish him all possible success in his new field of duty, and commend him to the people of his new charge as entirely worthy of their confidence and support.

Worcester Conference.— This conference will meet with the First Parish, Mendon, on October 6 and 7. The sermon on the evening of the 6th will be preached by Rev. C. J. Staples of Manchester, N.H.; and the essay will be read on the forenoon of the 7th by Rev. C. A. Roys, Uxbridge. James C. Duncan, Secretary.

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